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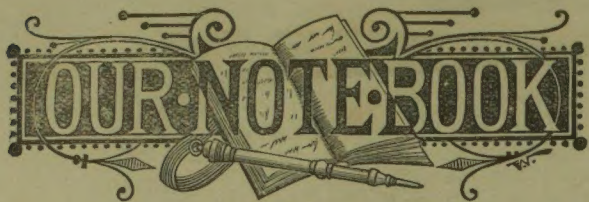
No. 2389.—VOL. LXXXVI.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1885.

TWO SIXPENCE.
WHOLE SHEETS By Post, 6³/₄d.



THE LATE COLONEL FREDERICK BURNABY, ROYAL HORSE GUARDS, KILLED IN THE SOUDAN.—SEE PAGE 132.



The public anxiety as to the safety of Major-General Sir Herbert Stewart's force after the engagement at Abou Klea was allayed by the publication of the War Office despatch on Wednesday (General Gordon's birthday, aptly). We give in another column the official telegram, which tersely tells how the first stage of the task intrusted by Lord Wolseley to Sir Herbert Stewart was accomplished with remarkable celerity. Metammeh was captured by the gallant troops under that distinguished General, though at a deplorable cost in killed and wounded; and Sir Charles Wilson forthwith left for Khartoum on board a steamer. The nation learnt with deep regret that to the lamentable roll-call of dead at Abou Klea, which contained the name of none more sincerely mourned than that of Colonel F. Burnaby, has been added a sadly large list of brave officers and men. Sir Herbert Stewart himself was severely wounded. The brilliant band of Special Correspondents suffered a grievous loss by the death of the able representative of the *Standard*, Mr. Cameron, and of Mr. St. Leger Herbert, of the *Morning Post*; while Mr. Bennett Burleigh, of the *Daily Telegraph*, was wounded.

Apropos of the enterprise of the London daily press in dispatching skilful writers to the Soudan, a due measure of praise should be awarded to Mr. Henry S. Pearce, who, after a fight for life in the British square at the Battle of Abou Klea, wrote as the Special Correspondent of the *Daily News* the lucid and admirable description of the engagement which appeared in that Journal on the 22nd inst. Mr. Pearce, who had his horse shot under him in the heat of the combat, is an enthusiastic hunting man, well known at Dulverton and with the Queen's Buckhounds. We have had the pleasure of inserting the picturesque report of more than one good run from the animated pen of Mr. Pearce; and since he joined Lord Wolseley's Expedition up the Nile Mr. Pearce has favoured *The Illustrated London News* with sketches in addition to the drawings we have received from Mr. Melton Prior, our Special Artist with Sir Herbert Stewart in the march from Korti to Metammeh.

The serious Dynamite Explosions of Saturday last, though causing great havoc at the Tower, in Westminster Hall, and in the House of Commons, had one satisfactory result. The fiendish outrages roused the American people to a feeling of natural indignation against the despicable outlaws who have hitherto abused the hospitality of the United States by conspiring to organise these attacks on humanity. Her Majesty's Government will, no doubt, cordially thank the President for the prompt expression of sympathy on the part of the Washington Senate, at the instigation of Mr. Bayard.

The system of extra embellishing recognised editions of books is no older than this century; but, judging from the prices realised at Mr. Horman's sale of his library last week, the practice is well worth adopting. Any cheap or ordinary book can be taken and despoiled of its binding. A collection is then made of autographs, engravings, newspaper cuttings, advertisements, or playbills having any bearing on the subject of the book. These are then all bound up together, an index is made, a fresh titlepage printed, and an insignificant octavo volume is metamorphosed into two or more folios. With the lives of great men this appears quite fashionable, and certainly has the distinct advantage of placing at once before the student details which he could not obtain otherwise but by protracted research. Of course everything depends on the nature and rarity of the interleaved documents; and so dexterously had Mr. Herman done his work that in several instances books worth only a few shillings by themselves realised sums varying from fifty to a hundred and fifteen pounds. Notably, the life of Edmund Kean had been extended to four large volumes by the additions of autograph letters of Kemble, Elliston, Braham, Burns, and others; tickets for the Princess's Theatre, signed by Charles Kean; fine engravings of contemporary actors and actresses, and no less than 304 playbills. This was purchased on behalf of Mr. Henry Irving, who was so anxious to secure the collection (it can hardly be called a book) that he cabled his commission from America.

A small, and apparently insignificant, pamphlet, consisting of only a few pages, realised, in proportion, the highest price of the day. This was an original edition of Shelley's "Adonais," which was bought by an American collector for fifty-two pounds. The reason of its value is that only a few copies were printed, and were intended for private circulation. Shelley was in Italy at the time he wrote this elegy on the death of John Keats, and the titlepage bears the notification that it was printed at Pisa in 1821. The copy sold had been presented by the author to Leigh Hunt, and by his son to Thomas Love Peacock. The edition is extremely rare, and apparently eagerly sought after by bibliophiles.

The Queen has always been very fond of Irish poplin, and it was said when the "sea king's daughter from over the sea" came to England, before her marriage with the Prince of Wales, that she wore a grey Dublin poplin, which was her Majesty's choice and gift. Whether this were so or no, Queen Victoria has taken every opportunity of showing her preference for these beautiful fabrics, and has now ordered from Messrs. Atkinson and Co., of College-green, Dublin, some exquisite pieces for the trousseau of Princess Beatrice. One has an ivory-white ground interwoven with gold threads, which form a rich Oriental pattern; another is of deep cardinal hue, and the very finest quality; and the third is sky-blue, strewn with sprays of forget-me-not.

The late Colonel Fred Burnaby, like the majority of practical men who have seen much of the world, had but little faith in thought-reading, and managed to mystify one of its earliest professors with complete success. The task of hiding the pin being confided to this son of Mars, he adroitly stuck it into the tail of the operator's dress coat, and then stood by, smiling all over his face, while the thought-reader spun round and round, made knowing dashes at such likely places as curtains and table-covers, and finally gave up the search and declared himself foiled.

Another well-authenticated story of this adventure-loving hero is that after the publication of his "Ride to Khiva" he was honoured by her Majesty's command to dine with her at Windsor Castle that she might hear some of his experiences from his own mouth. Colonel Burnaby accordingly deposited himself in the train at Waterloo, and went to sleep so soundly that he did not change at Weybridge, and, in fact, slept till he reached Basingstoke. The station master at that important junction helped him out of his dilemma by making up a special train and dispatching him in it direct to Windsor, where he arrived just in time to dress and appear in the Royal presence before dinner was announced.

Great artists have to a considerable extent abandoned the inconvenient old-fashioned practice of producing replicas of their favourite works. Sir Joshua Reynolds, and masters much more ancient than himself, made a habit of this system, not for fraudulent purposes of course, but to suit the demands of their patrons. The result is that posterity has been over and over again confused. One of the most charming productions of Sir Joshua is "Penelope Boothby," and "Penelope Boothby," by Sir Joshua Reynolds, is now on view at the Exhibition of Old Masters at Burlington House. But this is not the great original picture. It is a replica, probably painted and certainly touched up and adopted by the painter whose name is identified with it. The "Penelope Boothby," of which the engraving is so popular, is in the collection of the Earl of Dudley, and has not been shown in public for many years.

Like the poet, the cavalry leader seems to be "nascitur non fit." Sir Herbert Stewart, whose brilliant exploits in the Soudan are in every Englishman's mind at the present time, commenced his military career in a foot regiment, and two other prominent horse-soldiers of the present period, Colonel Valentine Baker and Sir Redvers Buller, were also formerly officers of infantry. But their inborn talent has found them out, and they have taken the posts for which their inspiration, not their education or the branch of the service they originally adopted, fitted them.

The very latest style of *coiffure* in Paris is à la *Récamier*, and probably the recently published memoirs of that celebrated beauty have had something to do with the revival of the fashion which so well became her. One modification has been introduced, and that is the insertion of a comb at the back. This is good news for ladies who are fortunate enough to possess fine old tortoise-shell or jewelled combs that belonged to their great-grandmothers.

Many anecdotes are told of the late Edmond About; but one of the most touching relates to the ex-Empress Eugénie. About's well-known romance, "Germaine," was appearing *en feuilleton*, and the interesting heroine was a consumptive girl, very deeply in love. When the dénouement appeared imminent, the Empress wrote to the author, "I beg that you will not let her die"; and, like a gallant man, he saved Germaine's life in the very next number. A similar story is told of "Amaury," by Alexandre Dumas; but in that case it was a father who observed that the symptoms of the heroine resembled those of a beloved daughter, who was fading away. Dumas at once wrote a happy ending to the story, and sent it to the young lady; but the original one was published immediately after her early death.

Kings have been winning golden opinions lately from their subjects, and winning them pretty easily. The King of Italy behaved well in the dark days of cholera, and a grateful people gave him their blessing; and now the King of Spain has been visiting the scenes of earthquake and finding an enthusiastic reception. Neither King can be said, perhaps, to have done anything very extraordinary, though the King of Italy certainly ran some risk, as one of his race would always be ready to do. Still, the spectacle in either case is a prettier one than that of the old French King and his Pompadour looking callously on at the miseries of the people and murmuring, "Après nous le déluge." It was Belzunce, the "good Bishop," not the young King Louis XV., too young at the time for spontaneous action, who was the hero of the "Plague of Marseilles."

The German Reichstag is just now much occupied with considering how the employment of married women in factories can be regulated so as to give them the opportunity of fulfilling their home duties as well as adding to the family income. The deputies most prominent on this subject are Herr Kropatscheck, Herr Von Hertling, and Count Galen, and the amendments they wish to introduce into the existing laws will provide that no married woman be employed on a Sunday or fête day, or between 8.30 p.m. and 5.30 on the following morning. Another point is that these women should be free to go home for a full half hour before the interval for dinner, thus having an hour and a half to themselves in the middle of the day, and still another stipulates that on Saturdays and the eves of fête days they should return home three hours before the end of the ordinary day's work, or in no case later than half-past five in the evening; and by these means it is hoped that the homes and families of working men will be comfortable and well cared for. German legislation never seems to lose sight of the fact that the home is the true fount of social well-being, and the strong point of the Fatherland.

Here is a curious question, which it appears that Mr. Justice Denman cannot decide by himself alone. Mr. Thomas Ashwell asked for the loan of a shilling from Mr. Edward Keogh; and the latter, consenting to lend it, handed the former a sovereign by mistake. Mr. Ashwell stuck to the whole sovereign, and was consequently charged with stealing it; but it was pleaded on his behalf that he did not "take" it, he "kept" it. Then, if property comes accidentally into your hands and you only keep it, you do not steal it. Perhaps, if Mr. Ashwell had been charged with stealing nineteen twentieths of the sovereign, the case might have been a little plainer. A man who borrows a shilling is certainly not likely to be in a position to give nineteen shillings change out of a sovereign; but, if he does not, he evidently "takes" nineteen twentieths of the lender's sovereign. Mr. Ashwell is clearly a person who, if an inch were given him, would "take" an ell.

Billiards is going on merrily, and Mr. W. J. Peall has been making some wonderful practice at the "spot." But that the champion, Mr. John Roberts, jun., playing "all round," should have beaten Mr. F. Bennett, playing "all in," by more than 3000 points out of 10,000, is something more marvellous still. It will be a pity if the new example set at the Aquarium, when there was an exchange of "chaff" between Mr. W. Mitchell and a spectator, should be commonly followed: such beginnings generally lead to a bear-garden scene in the end, and that would be a consummation devoutly to be deprecated.

By-the-way, Messrs. Burroughes and Watts, the eminent manufacturers in Soho-square, have published a unique and instructive little work called "Billiards Simplified; or, How to Make a Break." The work is unique, inasmuch as it gives examples not of how Mr. John Roberts, sen., or Mr. W. Cook, or Mr. J. Bennett, or Mr. W. Mitchell, or Mr. W. J. Peall might be expected to make a break under certain circumstances, but of how they really did it, the score having been taken down stroke by stroke from actual play in four cases out of the five. There are very good likenesses of the five players, and there are some very useful remarks about "the natural angle," with a diagram which deserves to be carefully studied. There is certainly no other book, so far as a pretty wide experience can be depended upon, which gives so much sound and sensible advice within so small a compass not only to students of billiards but also to proprietors of billiard-tables. That there should be no example of the play exhibited by Mr. John Roberts, jun., the Champion, who excels all other players in style and in "all round" play, if not in "spot" play also, is a matter for regret; but Messrs. Burroughes and Watts probably had good reasons for the omission.

One of M. Millais' pictures for the forthcoming Royal Academy Exhibition is now complete. It is called "Orphans," and depicts a lovely little pensive child, in a white frock and a yellow sash, playing with a baby rabbit. Both of them are supposed to have lost parents, and to entertain, therefore, a mute, unexplained sympathy for each other. The expression of the faces of the girl and the animal certainly carries out the intentions of the painter. "Little Miss Muffit," another picture by this artist, which was on view at McLean's Gallery, has been sold to Mr. Keiller, of Dundee, for five thousand pounds.

Is waltzing to be dignified by the name of a fine art? or relegated to the realm of heartless frivolity? According to Mr. Edward Scott, who has published a dainty little manual on the subject, it is not only high art, but high breeding and polished manners into the bargain. He points out that a lady in a ball-room may make a friend for life of the timid partner who is nervous and inexperienced, if she will but exercise a little kindly tact in putting him at his ease, and he analyses the construction of the waltz with the zeal of a lover. At the same time, Mr. Scott deprecates the selfishness of filling up ball programmes entirely with waltzes, and makes some very sensible remarks on "treading time to graceful measures" versus the romping, into which round dances sometimes degenerate. Quadrilles, lancers, the Highland schottische, polo, Caledonians, cotillions, and other modern dances, come in for their share of notice, and the "New Ball-room Guide," though small enough to go into a waistcoat pocket, is a perfect compendium of all that a novice can require when seeking to thread successfully the mazes of an evening devoted to terpsichorean exercise.

Horse-racing and betting at Newmarket are known to be of great antiquity, but scarcely of such antiquity as is apparently intended to be inferred from the following statement:—"An interesting discovery has been made on the Newmarket Heath. In levelling a mound, the workmen discovered in a concrete grave the skeletons of a male and a female, and, not far from them, a horse. In the grave were a number of flint arrow-heads, and some bits of metal were found in an urn, but no coins." We are clearly to infer that in the "flint age" that "male" and that "female" lost all their "coins" in betting about that "horse."

To see ourselves as others see us is proverbially instructive; and so it may be instructive, from an orthographical point of view, to note that the Mahdi regards us as "Inglish," and our Premier as "Klastun." But "what's in a name"?

Apropos of the Mahdi, our victory at Abou Klea has met with scanty appreciation in French and German newspapers. That looks well for us; as there is nothing like success to excite envy, jealousy, and the spirit of depreciation. If we could only suffer some terrible disaster, our French and German neighbours would gladly sympathise with us (on paper). Let us hope that we may continue to be the object of their carping criticism; with their sympathy we can cheerfully dispense, when we reflect that there would be something not altogether displeasing to them in the misfortunes of even their best friends.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Presumably, it is entirely in accordance with the spirit of the age that modern representations of Shakspeare's plays should appeal so much more to the head than to the heart. But so it is. So long as the eye is satisfied, the intellect may well look after itself. Now, "As You Like It," with all its poetical glamour and romantic charm, its chances for appealing to the imagination, and taking us to an ideal world, is perhaps the very last Shakspearean play that might have been expected at the St. James's Theatre. It does not follow because Mr. and Mrs. Kendal have occasionally played Orlando and Rosalind that therefore a modern comedy company, modern by tradition, modern by taste, modern by election, should be found capable of interpreting one of the most fanciful of the idyllic Shakspearean plays. Training, habit, manner, and disposition are all required before a company, selected and educated for one purpose, can be found identified with another. The spirit of "The Squire" or "The Ironmaster" is as different from "As You Like It" as light from darkness. The plays are as wide apart as the poles. They are modern prose contrasted with old poetry. Now, it is impossible to conceive that anything could possibly be badly done at the St. James's Theatre. There is no more careful direction in London. The stage is, perhaps, over-small and cramped for such a play as this; but it was quite certain that nothing would be left undone. And so it turned out. Mr. Lewis Wingfield, a learned and able authority, was asked to put a romantic play that has no period into some fantastic age. He went to the illuminated pages of Froissart, and gave himself up to the study of charming head-dresses and parti-coloured hose; he dressed and decked up his crowds in mediæval costumes; he made a pageant out of the old wrestling scene; he filled the Forest of Arden with courtiers and ducal nobles so smart and fine that they looked as if they were all off to a fancy ball; there was a hawk fluttering on a noble's wrists—a poor frightened creature, flapping his wings so distractingly that he interrupted the dialogue; there were lurchers and deer-hounds, and a real fallow deer on huntsmen's shoulders; there were choristers and choir-boys appointed to sing new music composed for this occasion by Mr. Alfred Cellier, as, of course, Dr. Arne and Henry Bishop were too old-fashioned and obsolete for a modern revival. In fact, everything was done apparently to show that our ancestors were either all wrong or strangely unambitious, and that "As You Like It" was to be seen in appropriate costume for the first time. There can be no question about the intention, but how about the result? I cannot, of course, pretend to say how it appeals to others; I can only place on record how this new-fashioned method of treating Shakspeare strikes me. I have seen the play under its old shabby surroundings at the Haymarket, when Helen Faucit and Adelaide Neilson were Rosalinds; I have seen it at the Imperial Theatre, under Miss Lytton's management, when the exact spirit of Shakspeare appeared to have been caught, and when the poem was put in an enchanting frame; I have now seen it at the St. James's Theatre, where probably more care and pains have been devoted to the play than ever, and I am bound to confess that it never interested me so little, or shut out my imagination so curiously against it. We were all dazzled with the beautiful and costly dresses; the pageants and processions passed before our eyes; the elaborate detail was not lost on us. I am silly enough perhaps to prefer the old music to the new, but that does not so much matter. I was enchanted with Mr. Harford's flower-starred wood, the glistening waterfall, the leafy glade, and the truly English forest; but somehow or other the whole poetic sense seemed to have evaporated from the play. The binding was there, but the book was gone. We had plenty of scenery, but very little Shakspeare. The melody of the master was no longer heard. The whole thing was costly and beautiful, but unmelodious and expressionless.

I attribute the difficulty to the fact that the majority of the performers are apparently utterly unable to understand or appreciate the rhythm, the charm, or the deeper meaning of Shakspearean verse. They are as much at sea with Shakspeare as if they were engaged on a Sanscrit poem. They speak the words, but do not convey to their hearers the slightest sense from them. Passage after passage of exquisite beauty falls flat on account of an almost universal ignorance of the first principles of stage elocution. With the principals no fault could be found. We may think what we please about Mrs. Kendal's conception of Rosalind, and her idea of this charming creation; but her cleverness would carry her through a far more formidable task than this, and her elocution is beyond reproach. How the company, hearing her speak her speeches, assisting in the dialogue, and delivering the epilogue, fail to profit by her example must ever remain a mystery. Again, when Mr. Hermann Vezin as Jaques or Mr. Maclean as Old Adam have the ear of the house, we feel at once that they understand Shakspeare, and can convey their understanding. Mr. John Hare as Touchstone has clearly got the right view of the character; he appreciates it and understands it, and I should not be surprised to find that this turned out to be a remarkably clever performance. At the outset, the method was at fault, because the actor was hindered by a sudden fit of nervousness, natural enough after the anxiety of such an important occasion. But what can be said of the estimable gentlemen who mumble the First Lord's description of the wounded deer, who murder the passage illustrative of the attack of the lioness on Orlando, who make of the banished Duke a worthy but utterly prosy and uninteresting old gentleman, and who, by their combined efforts, succeed in robbing the play of its chief grace and beauty? I can conceive that many a one in the audience—loving Shakspeare—would have willingly sacrificed a hawk or a hound, a girdle or a head-dress, for one speech more of Shakspeare properly understood and intelligently delivered. The company does not lack intelligence, but they are not trained to Shakspeare, and they all want as much training and drilling as the children who have just astonished London at the Savoy Theatre. Much of the money expended on the showy spectacle might well have been devoted to teaching an Audrey how to act and a Sylvius how to speak. Such performances as these are unworthy of a first-class theatre. If nothing better can be found, why attempt Shakspeare? By far the most promising of the younger members of the company was Miss Webster, who played Phebe with intelligence, and spoke her lines excellently; and of course Miss Linda Dietz made a charming Celia. Mr. Kendal is too steady and well disciplined an actor to go far wrong with a character outside his style and temperament. He looked Orlando, if he did not always feel the part; and Mrs. Kendal is so bright and clever that her Rosalind becomes a pleasant thing to look upon and to hear. It is not a Rosalind of the study, but of the stage. It is modern and un-Shakspearean, but it is unquestionably attractive. And that is, after all, the great point in these days. Now, as ever, "the drama's laws the drama's patrons give." It is quite possible that the majority present at a play prefer to see Mr. Wingfield's pretty dresses, the carefully arranged managerial detail, to see dogs on the stage, to behold hawks on wrists, and to hear the song of birds and clang of sheep-bells, and all such demonstrative realism, to any acting, good or bad; but I confess that I should have thought, in these days of elocution

classes, Shakspearean readings, higher education, and extreme culture, that the first thing that would have been required in a Shakspearean play would be the spirit of Shakspeare, and the intelligent interpretation of the poet's text.

The happy return of Miss Ada Cavendish to convalescence has enabled Mr. Edgar Bruce—who is now the manager of the Olympic Theatre to secure the services of this popular actress, who brings with her a successful new play. Rumours have been blown to London of a certain Mr. Mark Quinton, who had convinced provincial audiences of his skill as a dramatist in a new play, called "In His Power," and evidently written to bring out all the emotional strength of which Miss Cavendish is capable. A woman who, married to a good husband, is suddenly confronted with the dark secret of her life, and threatened by the villain who can either ruin or rob her, is just the character that would suit the fair creator of the New Magdalen, Miss Gwilt, and Lady Clancarty. It cannot be said that the material used in the play is very new, but it is employed in a workman-like and effective manner, and two scenes out of many effective ones are particularly striking and weirdly melodramatic. The first is the scene where the frightened and guileless wife administers a narcotic to her husband in order that a secret despatch confided to him may be copied by the villain Scara; and the second is the search for the hidden wife by the suspicious husband. This last is a singular instance of vigorous stage management, and creates breathless excitement. A wild denunciation of a cowardly spy to a maddened Parisian mob concludes a series of striking adventures, all depicted without crowds, scenery, or a gigantic stage. The play is, in fact, like "Forget Me Not," a *melodrame de salon*, and ought to be very valuable for starring purposes in the country. It is unquestionably effective; but I should conceive it had been hastily written and prepared for the stage in hot haste. As a first dramatic exercise, it is extremely creditable, and much more will be expected from the young and lucky author. He has been very lucky in the cast awarded to him; for, in addition to Miss Cavendish, who has returned to the stage even a better actress than she left it, and with a character that suits her style in every turn, we have that capital actor, Mr. Kyrle Bellew, as a romantic lover; Mr. Cartwright, with a new and excellent rendering of the fiend-spy and arch villain; and a very natural and admirable performance of a new "Charles, his friend," in Mr. J. G. Grahame, who has recently distinguished himself very much in the country, and won golden opinions as a kind of dashing Don Bazan in the new Spanish drama called "The Passion Flower; or, Woman and the Law": a play that will, doubtless, soon be presented in London with the original cast.

One of the most interesting events of a very busy theatrical week, and certainly the one most appreciated in art circles, has been the appearance of Jane Hading as Frou-Frou at the French plays. A more sympathetic and charming actress has not been seen in London for many years, and she has held her own against vivid memories of Desclée and Bernhardt in the same character. She has everything in her favour: youth, good looks, a high intelligence, and an intensely sympathetic manner. London will be loth to part with her. It is not at all improbable before the French play season closes that we shall all have the pleasure of seeing M. Achard, of the Gymnase, in one of his favourite characters. This young actor speaks English as well as French, and it is his intention to play in English afterwards, and possibly make London his home.

Mrs. Langtry has borne her defeat as the Princess George with graciousness and entire good humour. The play did not suit her public, and the public will be delighted to see Mrs. Langtry make a new start, when she will certainly receive the sympathy and consideration of playgoers who admire her invincible determination. On Saturday week Mrs. Langtry proposes to appear as Lady Teazle, a performance that has been highly praised in the provinces, particularly in critical Manchester. The cast of "The School for Scandal" is one of remarkable strength. Mr. William Farnen as Sir Peter, Mr. Charles Coghlan as Charles Surface, Mr. Berbohm Tree as Joseph Surface, Mrs. Vezin as Mrs. Candour, Mr. Everell as Sir Oliver, Miss Eva Sothorn as Marie, &c., in conjunction with Mrs. Langtry as Lady Teazle, ought to delight playgoers in London. This play, like "Hamlet," is immortal. Someone always wants to see "The School for Scandal." C. S.

Mr. Ellaby gave one of his pleasant recitals last Saturday afternoon at St. James's Hall new room, the first part being a selection from Shakspeare's "Taming of the Shrew," and the second part of a miscellaneous nature.

Sir Samuel Rowe, who is going to administer the Government of the British Sierra Leone Settlement, left on board the steam-ship Nubia, which sailed from the Mersey last Saturday for the West Coast of Africa.

At five o'clock on Sunday evening, while from 150 to 200 persons were skating on the second of the seven ponds at Highgate, the ice gave way, several men being immersed in the water. One died upon being drawn on shore.

An important sale of hunters, the property of Mr. Logan, of East Langton Grange, took place last Saturday at Messrs. Warner, Sheppard, and Wade's Repository, Leicester, and attracted one of the largest companies ever seen in the yard of this noted establishment. Of the twelve horses described on the catalogue one, Ward Union, was not brought for sale, but the eleven disposed of caused very spirited bidding, realising the high average of £359 16s.

The third annual meeting of the Westminster Sanitary Aid Association—of which the objects are to prevent the spread of infection, to show the poor how this is to be done, to assist them to carry out the necessary precautions, and to promote sanitary measures in general—was held on Tuesday in the National Society's room, the Sanctuary, Westminster. Cardinal Manning, who is joint vice-president with the Dean of Westminster, took the chair. The acting-treasurer, the Rev. J. F. Green, read the report, which showed that in the nine district parishes of Westminster, the sanitary visitors of the association had attended 233 cases within the past year.

The first meeting of the newly formed Manchester Geographical Society was held on Tuesday evening. Mr. Jacob Bright, M.P., spoke of the importance of establishing the society at a time when a universal scramble was taking place among the nations for the possession of distant islands. Lord Aberdare, president of the Royal Geographical Society, moved a complimentary resolution expressing the heartiest good wishes of the Royal Society for the success of provincial efforts. He urged upon the commercial community the value and importance of a knowledge of foreign countries, in the interests of our ever-extending commerce all over the world. Continental nations were, beyond all thinking, in advance of us in this respect, and Englishmen employed German travellers in preference to their own countrymen, a reproach which must be humiliating to the national feeling. Mr. Arthur Arnold, M.P., pointed out that geographical knowledge was the pioneer of civilisation, and the country which took the lead in knowledge would take the lead amongst the nations.

MUSIC.

The fourth concert of the Sacred Harmonic Society's new season occurred too late last week (on the Friday evening) to allow of comment until now. The specialty of the programme was the performance of the English version of Berlioz's trilogy, "L'Enfance du Christ." This remarkable work of a remarkable composer had already been heard in England, having been given by Mr. Charles Hallé at one of his Manchester concerts, and again at one of his series of concerts at St. James's Hall in 1881. Like all Berlioz's ambitious works, "The Childhood of Christ" contains much that is original and striking, together with some instances of forced effort, this last feature being, however, less apparent in the instance now referred to than in some of his productions. The original text was compiled from Scriptural sources by the composer, who (like Wagner) was distinguished for his literary as well as for his musical powers. Last week's performance of "The Childhood of Christ" was generally a very efficient one, alike in its solo, choral, and orchestral details. The music for Mary, the Narrator, and Joseph was especially well rendered, respectively, by Miss Carlotta Elliot, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley; among the principal effects in this respect having been the charming duet for Mary and Joseph, "O, darling child," and the Narrator's solos, "So through the desert" and "For three long days." The music for Herod and the Father of the Family was well declaimed by Mr. Hilton. The choruses of Magicians, of Shepherds, of Ishmaelites, and of Unseen Angels were all highly effective. Prominent features were the several distinct orchestral movements in which Berlioz's consummate mastery over all the varieties of instrumental colouring are so admirably manifested. The impressive "Night March" and "Incantation Music," the pastoral introduction to the second part, "The Flight into Egypt," and the elaborate "Serenade" in the third part, are instances of the composer's power. "The Childhood of Christ" was followed by Goetz's psalm, "By the Waters of Babylon" (solos by Miss C. Elliot and Mr. Santley), and Bach's cantata, "God's Time is the Best" (solos by Miss McKenzie, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley). Mr. Charles Hallé conducted with his usual care and efficiency. At the next performance of the society (on Feb. 27), Handel's "Belshazzar" will be given, in commemoration of the bi-centenary of the composer's birth.

The Popular Concert of last Saturday afternoon included the last appearance there this season of Madame Essipoff. The eminent Russian pianist played as her solo Beethoven's "Sonata Appassionata," with fine effect, especially in the impassioned first and last movements. Other features of the concert require no specific mention beyond the fact that Mr. Maas was replaced, in consequence of his hoarseness, by Mr. Thorndike, who contributed vocal pieces with good effect.

Musical tributes were rendered to Burns at St. James's Hall last Saturday evening, and at one of Mr. Carter's National Concerts at the Royal Albert Hall on Monday evening. On the former occasion, Mr. Sims Reeves appeared. The other principal solo vocalists were Mesdames Patey and A. Ross, Mr. W. Clifford, and Mr. Santley. Mr. Reeves was in good voice, and was enthusiastically applauded in his delivery of popular Scottish songs. A specialty of the programme was the late Sir H. R. Bishop's cantata "The Jolly Beggars," in which is some very characteristic and genial music. The solos were sung by members of the Select Glasgow Choir, the performance of the choristers in this and in other instances throughout the evening having been notable features. The recitations in the cantata were effectively rendered by Mr. W. S. Vallance, who also recited "Tam o' Shanter" and "Man was made to mourn." At the Albert Hall, as at the concert of Saturday evening, Mr. Sims Reeves contributed to the attractions of the evening, and was again in good voice, his songs on this occasion having been "The Land o' the Leal" and "Auld Lang Syne," the latter with the co-operation of the male choristers of Mr. Carter's excellent choir. Other effective vocal performances were given by eminent artists and by the choir, interspersed with violin solos, skilfully executed by Herr Poznanski, pieces rendered by the band of the Scots Guards, and a pianoforte and organ duet played by Mr. Carter and Mr. Bending.

Another of Mr. John Boosey's London Ballad Concerts took place at St. James's Hall this week, with a programme of the usual strong and varied interest.

The American concert given by Mr. L. Melbourne at Prince's Hall last Saturday evening included some excellent vocal performances by himself, Miss Griswold, Miss Lena Little, and other artists. Special features were Miss Griswold's fine delivery of the Jewel song from "Faust," and the refined singing of herself and Miss L. Little in the graceful duet from M. Delibes' "Lakmé." The first part of the programme was miscellaneous, the remaining portion having been entirely American.

Signorina Gemma Luziana gave a concert at Steinway Hall last Saturday, when her programme comprised her own pianoforte performances and other features, vocal and instrumental.

The annual day and night musical and dramatic fête with which Mr. Frederick Burgess has for the last twenty years identified his name took place on Tuesday, when an unusually attractive programme caused the St. James's Grand Hall to be filled successively by two more numerous audiences than had ever assembled, perhaps, on any similar occasion.

Next week's music will comprise a grand performance of Mr. Mackenzie's oratorio, "The Rose of Sharon," by the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, on Wednesday evening; and Mr. Walter Bache's concert, at St. James's Hall, on the following evening, when the programme will include some important compositions by Liszt, with the co-operation of an orchestra and chorus of about 180 performers.

INCREASE OF THE VOLUNTEER FORCE.

The full returns of the Volunteer organisation have been prepared; and though it was generally understood that large additions had been made in the numerical strength and efficiency during the past year, few persons had any conception that the grand total of all arms would have reached such extraordinary and gratifying dimensions as the statistics now show. A quarter of a century since, the enrolled strength of all arms was set down at a little over 119,000. How the force expanded for many succeeding years is matter of history, and so also will be the extraordinary record now shown of 214,000 men forming the Volunteer force of Great Britain, a total unprecedented in the annals of the organisation. There has been no extra incentive to account for the advance of 5000 in the number of citizen soldiers, and the only apparent explanation for the increase is the fact that the force is gradually but surely becoming more recognised. Of this total, in round numbers of 214,000, nearly 208,000 are returned as efficient, the percentage of efficient going up from 96.69 to 97.01. There are, as nearly as can be ascertained, about 6000 officers who have earned the extra capitation grant for proficiency, and the number of sergeants similarly qualified amounts to the large total of 12,800, an increase of 200. The non-efficient return, which has exhibited a steady decrease for many years, is still further reduced, the number of men who through various causes did not carry out the Government requirements being brought down to a trifle over 6400.



THE LATE COMMANDER ALFRED PIGOTT, R.N.,
KILLED IN THE SOUDAN.



THE LATE MAJOR W. H. ATHERTON,
5TH DRAGOON GUARDS, KILLED IN THE SOUDAN.



THE LATE LIEUT. RUDOLPH DE LISLE, R.N.,
KILLED IN THE SOUDAN.

THE LATE LIEUTENANT RUDOLPH DE LISLE, R.N.

Among the officers accompanying Brigadier-General Sir Herbert Stewart's force across the Desert, in the advance from Korti to Metammeh, who fell in the battle of Abou Klea, on Saturday, the 17th inst., we regret to learn the death of Lieutenant Rudolph De Lisle, to whose pencil this Journal was indebted for some excellent Sketches of the cataracts of the Upper Nile, and of the difficult operations performed in getting the steam-boats and rowing-boats to pass up from Wady Halfa to Dongola. Lieutenant Rudolph Edward Lisle March-Phillipps De Lisle was the eighth son of the late Ambrose March-Phillipps De Lisle, of Garendon Park and Gracedieu Manor, Leicestershire, and of his wife, Laura Clifford, eldest daughter of Thomas, the fourth son of Hugh, fourth Lord Clifford, of Chudleigh. He was born at Gracedieu Manor on Nov. 23, 1854. After a year at Oscott College, he went to Gosport, to the late Mr. Burney, to be prepared for

the naval cadets' training-ship, *Britannia*. He there took a first class on leaving. In May, 1869, he joined H.M.S. *Cadmus* for his first voyage. He was in H.M.S. *Liverpool* when the first flying squadron went round the world, returning to England in 1871. He was in H.M.S. *Camelion* at the time of the war between Peru and Chili, and, for his gallant conduct at the time of the burning of Lima, he was made an honorary member of the Fire Brigade. He was promoted to be Sub-Lieutenant in March, 1873, and Lieutenant in May, 1877. He left H.M.S. *Alexandra*, in August last year, to join Commodore Hamill for the Nile Expedition, where he distinguished himself by his great energy and activity; and he was regarded as an officer of high promise, whose death is a loss to the naval service.

The *Freemason* states that the Prince of Wales has appointed Brother T. W. Tew, Provincial Grand Master of West Yorkshire, and Brother Sir Hedworth Williamson, Provincial Grand Master for Durham.

THE LATE COMMANDER A. PIGOTT, R.N.

One of the naval officers engaged in the Nile Expedition, whose services were of great value in managing the ascent of the rapids or cataracts by the flotilla of whale-boats and other vessels, conveying soldiers and stores, was Commander Alfred Pigott, previously in command of the store-ship *Humber*, in the Red Sea. This able and gallant officer led the First Division of the Naval Brigade, under Lord Charles Beresford, attached to General Sir Herbert Stewart's advanced force in its march across the Desert from Korti, and we regret to find his name among those killed on the 17th inst., in the conflict at the Wells of Abou Klea. He entered the Royal Navy in 1861, and served in her Majesty's ships *Queen*, *Marlborough*, *Mutine*, *Inconstant*, *Lord Warden*, and *Hercules*. He became Sub-Lieutenant in December, 1867, and Lieutenant in February, 1872. In June, 1877, he was selected to be Second Lieutenant on board H.M.S. *Britannia*, naval cadets' training-ship, during the training of Prince Albert Victor Edward of Wales and Prince George of Wales.



THE NILE EXPEDITION: ROYAL ENGINEERS BUILDING A FORT AT KORTI.
SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.



THE LATE COLONEL BURNABY IN HIS "RIDE TO KHIVA."

The *Gentleman's Magazine*, founded by Edward Cave under the name of Sylvanus Urban, has a literary and antiquarian interest of no common order. The best writers of the day, including Johnson, contributed to its pages, and in the course of years a fund of most valuable information on a vast variety of subjects was supplied to this periodical. The *Gentleman's Magazine Library, Popular Superstitions, Edited by George Laurence Gomme, F.S.A.* (Elliot Stock), is one volume of a series intended to represent in a classified collection the chief contents of the *Gentleman's Magazine* from 1751 to 1868. To students of history and social life the facts thus saved from oblivion are invaluable, and it is fitting that the volume on Manners and Customs should be followed by one illustrating from the same copious source our Popular Superstitions. It will be evident that a work of this character is more likely to be used for reference, and by those wishing for special information, than by the general reader. At the same time, it is scarcely possible to refer to any subject given in the table of contents without gaining some curious knowledge or entertaining anecdote. Under the three headings, Days and Seasons, Superstitious Customs, Beliefs and Witchcraft, the facts stored up are invaluable. Some of the superstitions are familiar enough, such as the use of the divining-rod, the danger of dining thirteen at table, the supposed advantage of nailing horse-shoes on ships, and the King's evil cured by the Royal touch. Others are far less familiar, and probably few of our readers know how to call up a fairy, or what is the special virtue of a Good Friday loaf. The village superstitions of the past were often linked to great cruelty, and it is needless to say that the history of witchcraft forms one of the blackest chapters in the history of the race. Of the horrors called forth by a belief in this black art, England had her full share, and the portion of the story related in this volume displays a credulity wellnigh astounding. Yet we cannot pride ourselves on a freedom from superstition, though of a gentler kind, when we remember that in the present day spiritualism is a popular belief; that, according to the organs of this strange creed, the law of gravitation is frequently set at naught by heavy men floating in the air; and that spirits can be raised in numbers, and sometimes perplex the photographer by impressing their features on his plates. If we are to believe in the doings of these modern spirits, the aerial exploits of witches upon broomsticks are not so very wonderful after all.

THE COURT.

The Empress Eugénie, attended by Madame D'Arcos and the Duc de Bassano, arrived at Osborne on Friday, last week, having crossed over from Portsmouth in her Majesty's yacht *Alberta*, Captain Fullerton. Princess Beatrice, attended by the Dowager Marchioness of Ely, met the Empress on landing at East Cowes; and Captain Bigge attended the Empress to Osborne from Portsmouth. The Queen drove out in the afternoon, attended by Lady Abercromby and the Hon. Evelyn Paget. Madame D'Arcos and the Duc de Bassano had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. Captain Fisher, C.B., of her Majesty's ship *Excellent*, arrived at Osborne, and had also the honour of being invited to dinner. Her Majesty went out last Saturday morning with Princess Beatrice. In the afternoon the Queen drove out with the Empress Eugénie and Princess Beatrice. Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg dined with the Queen in the evening. The Bishop of Ripon arrived at Osborne, and had the honour of dining with the Royal family. On Sunday morning her Majesty and Princess Beatrice and the members of the Royal household attended Divine service. The Bishop of Ripon officiated. The Queen's dinner party included the Empress Eugénie, Princess Beatrice, Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg, Lady Abercromby, the Dowager Marchioness of Ely, Madame D'Arcos, the Duc de Bassano, Lord Sackville, the Bishop of Ripon, and Captain Bigge. The ladies and gentlemen who had not the honour of dining with the Royal family joined the Royal circle in the drawing-room in the evening. General the Right Hon. Sir Henry Ponsonby, K.C.B., and the Misses Ponsonby and Lady Cowell had the honour of being invited. On Monday morning the Empress Eugénie took leave of the Queen, and left for Farnborough, attended by Madame D'Arcos and the Duc de Bassano. Princess Beatrice, attended by the Dowager Marchioness of Ely, accompanied the Empress to Trinity Pier, where she embarked on board her Majesty's yacht *Alberta*, Captain Fullerton. Captain Bigge attended the Empress to Portsmouth. The Queen and Princess Beatrice drove out on Monday afternoon, attended by Lady Abercromby. Earl Sydney, G.C.B. (Lord Steward), and Sir William Vernon Harcourt arrived at Osborne, and had the honour of dining with her Majesty. General the Right Hon. Sir Henry Ponsonby, K.C.B., was also invited. On Tuesday the Queen held a Council at which were present Lord Carlingford (President of the Council), the Lord Chancellor, Earl Sydney, G.C.B. (Lord Steward), Sir William Vernon Harcourt (Secretary of State for the Home Department), and General Sir Henry Ponsonby, K.C.B. Sir Robert Morier, K.C.B., was introduced, and sworn in a member of the Privy Council. At the council her Majesty was pleased to declare her consent to the marriage of Princess Beatrice with Prince Henry of Battenberg. Lord Carlingford and Sir William Vernon Harcourt had audiences of her Majesty. After the council the Turkish Ambassador and Hassun Fehmi Pasha (Special Ambassador from the Sultan) were introduced to her Majesty's presence by Sir William Vernon Harcourt, in the absence of the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. The Peruvian Minister, Admiral Garcia-y-Garcia, delivered his letters of recall. Mr. Edwin Corbett kissed hands on his appointment as Minister at Stockholm. Sir Robert Morier, K.C.B., kissed hands on his appointment as Ambassador at St. Petersburg. Princess Beatrice was present.

Upon receiving the news of the British victory at Abu Klea, the Queen instantly telegraphed to Lord Wolseley expressing her pride in the conduct of her troops and deep concern at the loss of so many officers and men. Her Majesty received information from Lord Wolseley to the effect that the wounded were doing well. Her Majesty the Queen, through Sir Henry Ponsonby, has expressed to Mrs. Burnaby her deep regret at the death of the late Colonel of the Royal Horse Guards.

The Prince and Princess of Wales entertained a number of guests at Sandringham during the past week. Among them were the Spanish Minister, the Marquis de Casa Laiglesia, who left Sandringham for London last Saturday afternoon. The Prince and Princess of Wales, with Prince George, Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, accompanied by the guests staying at Sandringham, and attended by the ladies and gentlemen of the household, were present at Divine service on Sunday morning at the Church of St. Mary Magdalene. The Rev. F. Hervey, M.A., Chaplain to the Queen and Domestic Chaplain to the Prince and Princess of Wales, officiated, assisted by the Rev. T. Teignmouth Shore, Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the Queen, who likewise preached. On Monday morning the Prince attended the funeral, at Sandringham, of Mrs. Stewart, who for twenty-two years was in his Royal Highness's service, and since 1871 was housekeeper at Sandringham. The Princess, accompanied by Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, was present during the funeral service in the church. The ladies and gentlemen of the household were in attendance. The annual meeting of the Provincial Grand Lodge of Norfolk was held in the evening at Lynn, and the occasion was one of special interest in consequence of the attendance of the Prince of Wales. The meeting took place in the Townhall, which was specially furnished for the occasion, and the adjacent rooms were set apart for the accommodation of the Prince. After the closing of the lodge, the brethren attended a banquet served in the Assembly Rooms to about 200 members of the craft, under the presidency of Lord Suffield. The Prince was present.

Prince Albert Victor has consented to open a new institution for working boys, which has been established under the name of the "Whittington Club and Chambers," at 86, Leman-street, Whitechapel. The ceremony takes place to-day (Saturday), at three o'clock. It is understood that the Prince has been entered as a student at the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple, although it is very probable that he will not commence his term there until the ensuing Easter term in April. It is also understood that the Prince of Wales, who is a Bencher of the Society, will dine with the Benchers on the occasion of Prince Albert Victor eating his first dinner in the hall as a student.

Last Saturday night the Princess Frederica of Hanover distributed the prizes won by members of the 5th Surrey Rifles in the drill-hall at Kingston.

FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.

There was a large and fashionable assemblage on Tuesday morning at St. Peter's, Eaton-square, to witness the wedding of Lady Emily Boyle, eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Cork, with Mr. James Dalison Alexander. Shortly after eleven, the bride, accompanied by her mother, arrived. Lord Cork conducted her to the altar, where she was met by the bridegroom, who was attended by Mr. Higgins, as best man. The bride wore a rich dress of ivory-white satin, trimmed with deep Brussels lace and orange-blossoms, and a veil of Brussels lace fastened by a diamond crescent brooch. Her other ornaments consisted of a magnificent diamond necklace and earrings. There were six bridesmaids—Lady Isabel Boyle, sister to the bride, Lady B. Capel, Miss Mabel Alexander, Miss Dalison, Miss Townley, and Miss Stewart Hodgson. They were attired in costumes of ruby velvet and trimmed

with cream lace; ruby velvet hats to match, trimmed with sable tail. Master Travers Hodgson attended the bride as a little page, wearing a George II. costume of ruby velvet.

At the early hour of ten on Wednesday morning Mr. W. Jaffray was married, at St. Peter's, Eaton-square, to Mabel, youngest daughter of Lady Scott, of Great Barr Hall, Birmingham. The service was fully choral. The bride, who was given away by her father-in-law, wore a magnificent dress of white satin, and was completely enveloped in a Brussels lace veil. She was attended by two bridesmaids, the Misses Hope and Cox, who wore dresses of oatmeal cream, with bonnets to match, trimmed with blue. The breakfast was at Mr. Hope's house, in Chesterfield-gardens.

The marriage of the Hon. John Gage Prendergast Vereker, eldest son of the Viscount and Viscountess Gort, with Miss Eleanor Surtees, second daughter of the late Mr. Surtees, of Hammersley Hall, Durham, the author of "Sponge's Sporting Tour" and "Ask Mama," was solemnised at St. George's, Hanover-square, on Wednesday morning. The bride wore a dress of white duchesse satin, richly embroidered in seed pearls, trimmed with Brussels point lace, the gift of her sister; her ornaments being diamond sprays, earrings, and brooch, the gift of Viscountess Gort, and she carried a magnificent bouquet of orange-blossoms and other choice flowers, the gift of the bridegroom. The bridesmaids were the Hons. Mabel and Laine Vereker (sisters of the bridegroom), Miss Murray, Miss Cecily Surtees, Miss Sophia Fenwick (cousins of the bride), and Misses Laine and Mabel Craufurd (nieces of the bridegroom). They wore dresses of crème striped satin draped with deep dentelle broderie and trimmed with flots of crème satin ribbon and pearls, and red shoes. Their head-dresses were composed of Marie Stuart veils edged with pearls, and each wore a pearl and cat's-eye bee brooch, and carried a bouquet of choice white and red flowers.

The Chairman of the Finance Committee of the London School Board stated, at a meeting on Tuesday night, that he should at the next meeting of the Board have to ask for a sum little short of eight hundred thousand pounds, and that the expenditure must go on increasing.

A proclamation is published in the *Gazette* summoning the Peers of Scotland to meet at Holyrood House, at Edinburgh, on Tuesday, Feb. 17 next, between twelve and two p.m., to "nominate and choose two of their number to sit and vote as representative Peers in the House of Lords during the present Parliament, in room of the late Earl of Morton and the late Earl of Dundonald."

Vice-Chancellor Bacon gave judgment, last Tuesday, on the point which has arisen in connection with the will of the late Duke of Buccleuch. The trustees under the will had contracted to enfranchise some of the copyhold lands forming part of the Clitheroe estates, and the questions for decision were whether Lord Henry Scott was a tenant for life, and whether his consent was necessary to the exercise by the trustees of their powers of sale. His Lordship decided both points in the affirmative.

The Marquis and Marchioness of Ripon had a cordial and enthusiastic reception at Ripon last Tuesday on their return from India. The Marquis, in an address at a public luncheon, said the Viceroyalty of India was the most difficult post in the service of the Crown. He had endeavoured to discharge his duty and promote, to the utmost of his power, the well-being of India's teeming populations. The duties England owed to India were pressing and urgent. With regard to his policy, he appealed without fear from the temporary judgment of angry passion to the deliberate sentence of coming time.

Last week 2803 births and 1807 deaths were registered in London, the former having been 41 and the latter 107 below the average numbers. Forty-three persons died from smallpox, 20 from measles, 18 from scarlet fever, 12 from diphtheria, 49 from whooping-cough, 9 from enteric fever and 8 from dysentery. The fatal cases of smallpox exceeded the corrected weekly average by 19. The deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs, which had been 609 and 553 in the two preceding weeks, further declined to 513 last week, and were 24 below the corrected weekly average. Different forms of violence caused 66 deaths: 59 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 24 from fractures and contusions, 10 from burns and scalds, 2 from drowning, and 16 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Five cases of suicide were registered. In Greater London 3612 births and 2237 deaths were registered. In the Outer Ring 18 fatal cases of smallpox, 10 of whooping-cough, and 8 from diphtheria were registered.

Artistic Anatomy, by Mathias Duval. Translated by Fred. E. Fenton, M.R.C.P. (Cassell and Co.). In France the traditions of "a school of painting" have upheld more consistently than with us the routine of Academic training. It was not without cause that Haydon protested against the slovenliness which characterised the work of the Academicians of his day. Flaxman was as one crying in the wilderness, and by his contemporaries his teachings were as neglected as were the maxims of Hogarth. Happily, things have altered for the better since the days when Mulready, Dyce, John Philip, and a few others, who had already attained the highest honours of the Academy, met two or three evenings a week to take up the study from the life-figure, which they had up to that time neglected. Art is now taught, even in this country, upon a more scientific system. Although since Flaxman's Treatise appeared there has been no lack of instructors, a translation of M. Duval's estimable work is a welcome addition to every art-student's library. For many years M. Duval had the Professorship of Anatomy at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts at Paris, where his popularity as a lecturer was only second to his reputation as a man of science. His method—as illustrated by his lectures, of which this book is a summary—differs from that of most writers on the subject. He takes the skeleton itself as the starting-point of all study of the movements of the members, of the play of the muscles; and, finally, he shows that the skin is, after all, only a transparent veil through which the action of the body and, in a sense, the thoughts of the mind can be distinguished. Up to this time, teaching by analysis has hitherto been the accepted system of art training. The advantage gained is obvious, if only in time saved to the student—who, in despair at being unable to wade through pages of text, betook himself to the superficial study of an illustrated atlas. In one sense, all works dealing with anatomical details must be dry, and whilst we do not claim for M. Duval's treatise the exciting interest of a novel, we can with truth say that he is never tedious. He describes clearly the respective proportions of the various members of the body, and the part they play in daily life, and then passes on to discuss the action of the muscles with which the human trunk and limbs are covered. In dealing with the muscles of expression, he refers at length to the interesting experiments of Duchenne, of Boulogne, to whom Darwin was so much indebted for the data of his celebrated work; and he leaves to artists themselves to draw the inference of how much they have to gain in expressing light and shadow, as well as emotion, in the faces of their pictures, by a knowledge of what underlies the skin.

MELANCHOLY ENGLAND.

What has become of the Merry England famous in history or legend? We have all heard of it; some of us may have dim recollections of it in our far off youth, when the sky was always blue, the sun always shone, the roses always bloomed, and fair girls' faces filled our small world with beauty. Ah! what laughing, loving eyes there were in that happy time, what red lips to kiss, what waists to clasp, what love whispers in the twilight, what vows of constancy beneath the inconstant moon! Did we ever doubt then whether life were worth living? Did we ever feel then that "monotonous leaden gloom," that "deep dull wretchedness" which, according to a medical journal, is now so prevalent amongst the cultivated classes? Or is it possible, in spite of school and college, that we were not "cultivated" then? For our parts, we know that England was merry in those young days—for were we not merry ourselves?—but a study of history does not make it very evident that mirth was greatly more prevalent in earlier centuries than it is in our own. Long before the age of Elizabeth, Froissart had written that we English took our pleasures sadly; and when we come to Shakespeare's time the fun of the period seems to have become a kind of horse-play, often of drunken play, rather than of genuine mirth. The cruelty and despotism of those times have left a stronger mark than their pomp and pageantry, and one remembers that a monarch's mirthfulness did not always ensure the safety of a courtier. The beheading and disembowelling of traitors, the burning of witches, wholesale executions, and heads kept to rot on London Bridge, must have given rise, one would think, to a very grim kind of merriment. Take up any general history of England, and try to find out, if you can, when this island could be rightfully called "Merry." Was it in the days of the Norman Conqueror, who drove thousands of villagers from their homes to make him a hunting-ground, who ravaged the country with fire and sword, who, if he made peace in the land at last, did so by the sternness of his rule? Was it under John, who, himself a slave, enslaved England; whose "punishments were refinements of cruelty—the starvation of children, the crushing old men under copes of lead"; and who, according to the verdict of his contemporaries, defiled hell itself by his fouler presence? Or was it under the Edwards, a period, no doubt, of greatness and of progress, but one of much disturbance and cruelty, especially to the Jews? That was, indeed, the age of Chaucer, the most cheerful of English poets; and all of that era which is sunny and bright lives in his pages: it was the age of Wyclif, whose trumpet note stirred men's hearts from one end of the country to the other. It was a serious and hopeful time, but not one which can be called merry; and the hope was doomed to be disappointed, for a century of darkness followed. Mirth is not to be looked for, surely, under the eighth Henry; nor under Elizabeth, albeit she raised England to a high place among the nations, and her age holds a deathless place in story; nor under Mary of bloody memory, nor under the Stuarts (that the Puritans abjured it goes without saying); and although the second Charles was called a merry monarch, he did as much to make his country ashamed and sad as a king could well accomplish within a reign of twenty-four years.

We need not pursue the search further. Depend upon it, the merry England of the poets belongs to the poetical dreams of what might have been and what ought to have been, rather than to what actually existed in any historical period. This golden age belongs to youth and to poetry, to the happy illusions of life's happiest period, not to the chronological data of which the historian takes account. We cannot measure happiness; but it is obviously possible for an age to be happier than its successor; and it is possible also to point to causes which, if the close of this nineteenth century in England be distinguished by what we call melancholia, and our ancestors called vapours, may in some degree account for the painful fact. It is a truism to say that a merry heart is neither due to wealth nor affected by comparative poverty. The cottager is often more cheerful than the Prince, and reasonably so, since he has fewer cares. "No man is poor," says Jeremy Taylor, "who does not think himself so"; and the greater our contentment, the more room is there for mirth. Discontent is one of the signs of the times. Universal competition means universal discomfort. The state of life in which we have been placed is the one we strain every nerve to escape from; and the constant effort naturally produces a reaction. What a tension there is upon mind and body in these days! We give ourselves no rest; we make haste to be rich, and, finding the haste vain, or at best unsatisfactory, fall into a despondent state. Then we have enemies to contend against which were unknown, or but partially known, to our forefathers. In an age of telegraphs, telephones, fast steamers, and express-trains, it is almost impossible to take life calmly. We are not allowed to repose, but fume and fret, and rush hither and thither, not because we enjoy noise and confusion, but because they are the order of the day. The hubbub of life in large cities is painful to weak nerves, and weak nerves are due in large measure to our mode of living! Do we not sit too often and too long at good men's feasts? Do we not work brain and stomach beyond their strength? Do we not find it easier to talk about the laws of health than to follow them? If you doubt this, the enormous sale of quack medicines, and the success of enterprising quack doctors, may prove to you that the age is neither wise nor healthy. Cheerfulness is due not only or chiefly to circumstances, but to the interior life. The age is one of doubt, not readily to be solved by magazine articles; one of political, social, and religious difficulties, which make the lives of some men far too serious to allow of merriment. This state of doubt, this pessimistic questioning, is not an indication of mental sanity. The man who "feels the breeze of nature stirring in his soul"; who enjoys the activities of life; who knows how to grapple with its problems; or how, with a calm but not indifferent mind, to leave them unsolved, is at once healthy and happy. Such men can afford to be merry within becoming limits, but such men are and always have been rare. What we want in these days is less excitement and more enjoyment, less fussiness and more composure. But, indeed, we want many things which are far easier to write about than to gain. Discontent is at the root of melancholy, and Wordsworth's description of the age is as true now as when it was written in the early years of the century:

The world is too much with us, late and soon,
Getting and spending we lay waste our powers.
Little we see in Nature that is ours,
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon.

And so, being out of tune with Nature, we fix our affections upon money-making when we might raise them to the stars.

The Very Rev. E. H. Bickersteth, the new Dean of Gloucester, was instituted by the Bishop at the cathedral on Tuesday, in the presence of a large number of dignitaries of the Church. He was installed by the Chapter on Wednesday.



THE NILE EXPEDITION.—THE ADVANCE ON KHARTOUM: CAPTURING THE ENEMY'S SUPPLIES.

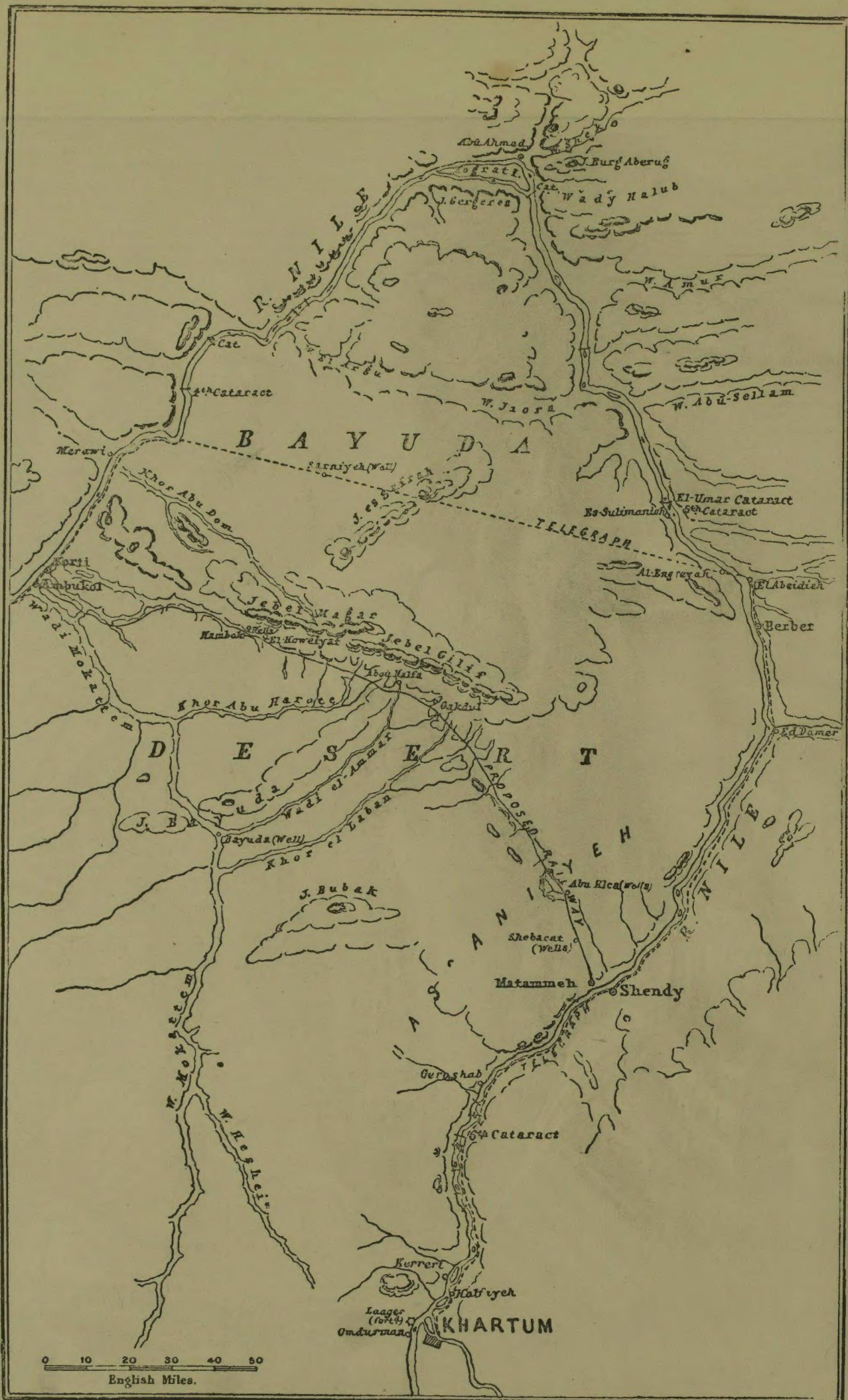
THE NILE EXPEDITION.

The gratification aroused last week by the news published on Thursday morning, that Brigadier-General Sir Herbert Stewart, with about fifteen hundred British soldiers, had defeated an army of eight or ten thousand warriors of the Soudan at the Wells of Abou Klea, was followed during some days by serious anxiety for the subsequent fortunes of the small British force, nothing further being known of it at Korti, the head-quarters of Lord Wolseley, since it moved on from Abou Klea, the day after the battle. We gave the news of that victory in the greater part of our impression last week, but a more complete account is here supplied. It was not till the forenoon of Wednesday in this week that the public mind was relieved from suspense by a despatch from Lord Wolseley, dated the same morning, which states that Sir Herbert Stewart fought a second battle on Monday, the 19th inst., against seven thousand of the enemy, and again defeated them, pursuing his march to the Nile at Metammeh. Twenty of our men were killed, and sixty wounded; Sir Herbert Stewart himself severely wounded. Two special correspondents of London newspapers—Mr. Cameron, of the *Standard*, and Mr. Herbert, of the *Morning Post*—were killed, and Mr. Burleigh, of the *Daily Telegraph*, wounded. Lord St. Vincent has died of his wound received on the 17th. The British force has avoided storming Metammeh, and occupies a position two miles higher up the river. It has opened communications with General Gordon, and Sir Charles Wilson has gone up with two of Gordon's steam-boats to Khartoum. We now proceed to relate the events made known since our last connected narrative of the Expedition, referring to the annexed Map.

Our readers know that the distance across the Desert from Korti to Metammeh, on the Nile between Khartoum and Berber, by the route of Hambok Wells, Abau Halfa, Gakdul, and Abou Klea, is about one hundred and seventy-eight miles; and that Abou Klea, the last of these resting-places, is twenty-three miles from the Nile at Metammeh. Sir Herbert Stewart had with him, at setting forth, a force of about two thousand, comprising ninety of the 19th Hussars, the three divisions of the Camel Corps, in all 1080 men, four hundred Mounted Infantry, a Royal Artillery battery of forty men, thirty Royal Engineers, fifty men of the Naval Brigade, the Royal Sussex Regiment, 320 strong, eighty men of the Essex Regiment, fifty men of the Transport Corps, and as many of the Medical Staff Corps; but he must have left some detachments to guard the wells in his rear. On Friday, the 16th inst., his brigade thus diminished had arrived within a few miles of the Abou Klea Wells, having almost accomplished the long waterless march of forty-three miles from the Wells at El Faar. They were, no doubt, looking forward to a halt and rest at Abou Klea, after which there would be but two short marches to Metammeh. Suddenly the Hussars, who were out scouting ahead, rode in with the news that the enemy in force held possession of the Wells. The whole column, formed now in close fighting order—the Guards Camel Corps on the left, the Heavy Division in the centre, the Mounted Infantry on the right—moved forward until within three miles of the wells; and as the enemy showed no signs either of retiring or of advancing to meet them, the troops were halted. They at once set to work to form an intrenchment, which should serve as a protection in case of a night attack, and as a stronghold where the camels and baggage could be left under a guard, when the main body moved out in the morning to meet the foe. An abattis of felled trees was formed round the camels and baggage, and a stone breastwork thrown up some hundreds of yards in front, where the first rush of the Arabs could be checked. The enemy's camp was in sight at a distance of about four miles; it contained a number of tents, and was fortified. While carrying out their work, our troops were watched by two bodies of the Mahdi's followers from some high hills on the left front. Towards six o'clock in the evening the enemy fired from a distance, but appear to have drawn off upon the Artillery replying with some rounds from the light guns. During the night a few shots were fired at intervals into the camp, but only one slight casualty resulted.

On the morning of Saturday, the 17th inst., the enemy were seen advancing in two divisions. Each numbered some five thousand men, gathered from Berber, Metammeh, and Omdurman; they came on with drums beating and flags flying, halting occasionally to see what course our troops intended to take. Sir Herbert Stewart for a time remained in the position he had intrenched, hoping to induce the enemy to attack him there; but, seeing at last that they were not to be drawn on, he formed his troops into the order in which they were to fight, and advanced to meet them. The British soldiers were all dismounted, and the camels were left in the inclosure, under the protection of a portion of the Sussex Regiment and some Mounted Infantry. The troops advanced in square; the Mounted Infantry, the Artillery, and a portion of the Guards in the front line; another detachment of Guards and a part of the Sussex Regiment on the right flank; some men of the Heavy Camel Corps and some Mounted Infantry on the left. In the rear were the Naval Brigade and the rest of the Heavy Corps, while the Gardner guns were in the centre, in readiness for action on either side face. As the square, which comprised some fifteen hundred men, moved forward against the enemy, the latter appear to have shifted their position until our troops had reached a position which the Arabs deemed favourable for their attack. Then, leaving their standards still waving to deceive the British as to their intentions, they disappeared from view, and, advancing under cover of some depression of the ground, suddenly charged down upon the square. The destructive fire poured in by the front line was too much for the Arabs, and, sweeping round, they flung themselves upon the left rear of the square, where the men of the Heavy Camel Corps were stationed. As at Tamaniab, the troops were for the moment unable to withstand the furious onslaught. They broke their formation, and the enemy poured into the midst of them. The men of the Heavy Cavalry, however, rallied quickly, and a desperate hand-to-hand fight raged in the square. The troops on the other faces kept their formation, and their tremendous fire upon the masses of the enemy around them prevented the latter from following up the advantage they had gained. The Guards, the Mounted Infantry, and the sailors concentrated their fire on the band of Arabs who had broken through, until the survivors fled, and the square again closed up. By this time the enemy were fairly beaten, and were speedily in full retreat, leaving the Wells open to our troops, who at once advanced and occupied the ground.

This battle of Abou Klea was the first actual fighting in the course of the Nile Expedition. The loss of our army was somewhat severe, nine officers and sixty-five non-commissioned officers and privates having been killed, and nine officers and eighty-five men wounded. Among the list of the slain, the officers killed are Colonel Burnaby, Royal Horse Guards; Major Carmichael, 5th Lancers; Major Atherton, 5th Dragoon Guards; Major Gough, 1st Royal Dragoons; Captain Darley, 4th Dragoon Guards; Lieutenant Law, 4th Dragoon Guards; Lieutenant Wolfe, Scots Greys; Lieutenants Pigott and De Lisle, Naval Brigade. The officers severely wounded are Lord St. Vincent, Captain 16th Lancers; Major Dickson,



THE GREAT BEND OF THE NILE, WITH THE DESERT BETWEEN KORTI (LORD WOLSELEY'S HEAD-QUARTERS) AND SIR HERBERT STEWART'S POSITION ABOVE METAMMEH.

Royals; Lieutenants Lyall and Guthrie, Artillery; and Surgeon Magill. Those slightly wounded are Lord Airlie, Captain 10th Hussars; Lieutenant Beech, Life Guards; Lieutenant Costello, 5th Lancers, contusion; and Major Gough, Mounted Infantry.

The enemy left not less than eight hundred dead round the square, and prisoners report the number of their wounded to be quite exceptional. The Wells of Abou Klea were occupied by the British force at five in the afternoon, but the necessity of obtaining water delayed for some hours the advance of Sir Herbert Stewart on Metammeh; for which place he was, however, about to push on when his messenger left. A strong post had been established at the Wells, where tents had been pitched for the wounded, who were doing well.

The death of Lord St. Vincent, from his wound in the battle above related, is announced later, with those of Lieutenant Guthrie, R.H.A., Quartermaster A. G. Lima, 19th Hussars, Mr. A. C. Jewell, of the Transport Corps, Mr. Cameron, and Mr. St. Leger Herbert. The officers wounded on the 19th were General Sir Herbert Stewart; Major Lord H. A. G. Somerset, Royal Horse Guards; Lieutenant Crutchley, Scots Guards; Lieutenants T. D. O. Snow and C. P. Livingstone, Mounted Infantry; Captain A. G. Lennard, East Lancashire regiment; Lieutenant Munro, R.N.; and Major W. H. Pöe, of the Royal Marines. The wounded left at Abou Klea on the 17th are doing well, and

will be brought to Korti very shortly. The following is Lord Wolseley's despatch of last Wednesday, reporting the second battle:—

"Korti, Jan. 28, 1885, five a.m.
"Captain Pigott, of the Mounted Infantry, has just arrived from Gubat, on the Nile, two miles above Metammeh, which he left on the 24th inst. There has been some sharp fighting since the action on the 17th inst., and the men have had extremely hard work, and, until the 23rd inst., little sleep. General Stewart, who, I deeply regret, has been severely wounded, has carried out my instructions; and we have now a strongly fortified post on the Nile, half-way between Berber and Khartoum, and we hold the Desert route between it and this place. On the large island opposite Gubat there is plenty of green forage for horses and camels. Gubat can be held against any force the Mahdi can send to attack it. Four steamers from Khartoum, under Nusri Pasha, arrived at Gubat during the reconnaissance made of Metammeh of 21st inst. The Pasha landed men and guns, and took part in the operations.

"Sir C. Wilson left for Khartoum on the 24th inst. with two steamers and a detachment of the Sussex Regiment. Metammeh is occupied by about 2000 men, half of whom are regulars under Nur Angar, who has three Krupp guns, but very little ammunition for them. None of the shells fired from them exploded. At Shendy there is one Krupp gun and a

small garrison. A hospital has been established at Metammeh, where the wounded are well cared for.

"The movements of General Stewart's force, since my last telegram, were as follows:—Having established a strong post at Abou Klea Wells, he left there about four p.m., on the 18th inst. After passing Wells at Shebacat, he moved to their right, as my instructions were that, if Metammeh were held, Stewart should establish himself on the Nile between it and Khartoum. About seven a.m., on the 19th inst., when three or four miles from the river, the enemy showed in force. A halt was made for breakfast in a strong zereba. It was here that General Stewart was wounded, and the heaviest fire was sustained. Colonel Sir C. Wilson, as senior officer, assumed the command. The force, leaving wounded and impeded in a work constructed under heavy fire, marched about three p.m. on the 19th inst. in the gravel ridge overlooking the Nile, where a large force of the enemy was established. The enemy charged, led by several Emirs on horseback; but none were able to get nearer our square than about thirty yards. They were repulsed with heavy loss; five Emirs and about 250 dead left on the ground. Their wounded were very numerous.

"Sir C. Wilson in report says:—'Nothing could exceed the coolness of the troops both when exposed to fire of sharpshooters in morning, and to the charge of spearmen in afternoon.' He speaks highly of Colonel Boscawen, to whom he gave command of the square during these operations. On 21st inst. a reconnaissance in force was made of Metammeh, which had been placed in a state of defence, the walls loopholed. Although Sir C. Wilson reports he could have carried the village, which is long and straggling, he did not think it worth the loss it would have entailed. On 22nd inst. a reconnaissance made down the river towards Shendy, with three steamers, which returned same day.

"I most deeply deplore the losses we have experienced; but in every other respect the result of these operations, so ably and successfully conducted by Sir Herbert Stewart, is most satisfactory, and cannot fail to have a great effect upon the future of this campaign. I have had no letters of any importance from General Gordon. The most recent, dated Dec. 29, contains merely one line, saying 'Khartoum all right—could hold out for years.'

"Sir R. Buller starts to-morrow to assume the command along the Desert route to Gubat. We have plenty of troops, of ammunition, and of food. The Royal Irish begin their movements across the Desert to-day; the West Kent will follow. Sir Herbert Stewart writes in good spirits from on board one of steamers, and the last report of him says he is doing well; but his wound is very severe; and I cannot expect him to be fit for any more work this campaign. The temporary deprivation of his services at this moment I regard as a national loss. He is one of the ablest soldiers and most dashing commanders I have ever known. I recommend him most strongly to the Queen for her Majesty's most favourable consideration. I append a list of killed and wounded. I regret to say Lord St. Vincent and Lieutenant Guthrie, Horse Artillery, died of their wounds. The only officers killed since the 17th are Quartermaster Lima, 19th Hussars, and Conductor Jewell. The enemy did not fight with the same determination or courage as on the 17th inst."

It is, perhaps, to be regretted that, while Sir Herbert Stewart's brigade was encountering such risks beyond the Desert, and was cut off during ten days, after fighting a severe battle, from all communication with Lord Wolseley, another large portion of the army should have been sent up the Nile in an entirely different direction. The force commanded by General Earle, which numbers 2200 men, consisting of the Staffordshire Regiment, the Black Watch, 42nd Highlanders, the head-quarters and two companies of the Gordon Highlanders, the Duke of Cornwall's regiment, a squadron of the 19th Hussars, and the Egyptian Camel Corps, with the auxiliary native troop of the Mudir of Dongola, has passed above the Fourth Cataract, seventy miles or more to the north-east of Korti, on its way to attack the hostile Monassir and Robatit tribes. It would proceed, afterwards, nearly 150 miles further north to Abou Ahmed, the top of the great bend of the Nile, where the Desert route from Korosko terminates on the right bank of the river. The further ascent of the Nile, from Abou Ahmed to Berber and Khartoum is in a southerly direction; but the river course from Abou Ahmed to Metammeh or Shendy cannot be much less than 300 miles. It is, therefore, plain that, if General Earle's troops go up to Abou Ahmed, not the least direct assistance can be obtained from them to strengthen the position of Sir Herbert Stewart. By the winding river-route General Earle would take six weeks to get there. A glance at our Map, showing the great bend of the Nile, a circuit of nearly six hundred miles, from Khartoum down to Korti or Ambukol, with the intervening space of desert and the route along which Sir Herbert Stewart marched from Korti to Abou Klea, and subsequently to his present position on the river-bank above Metammeh, will help the reader to understand all the recent movements. Referring again to the position of General Earle's column in the north, we are informed that it is making good progress in boats up the river, the stations being at Hannek, Merawi, Hamdab, and Owli Island, above the Gerendid cataract. Colonel Colville, with the Mudir's troops, marched along the right bank of the river, and a detachment of cavalry scouted the country on that side under Colonel W. F. Butler; while Colonel Alleyne, in three boats manned by Canadians, went up in advance to examine the state of the river. It had been thought likely that the Monassir tribe, under the chief of Wady Gamr, the reputed murderer of Colonel J. D. Stewart and Mr. Frank Power, would fight at Birtch, thirty-five miles above Hamdab; but this is now considered to be doubtful. General Earle has issued very strict and precise orders with reference to each day's movements, and every arrangement has been laid down as to the course to be pursued in case of a sudden attack being made by the Arabs. The natives think that no serious opposition will be experienced until the troops approach Abou Ahmed, near the abode of the Robatat tribe, or until they get nearer the Fifth Cataract on the way to Berber. A chief called Nour-ed-deen commands on behalf of the Mahdi at Berber and at Abou Ahmed; at the latter place he has twelve hundred men and at Berber thirteen hundred men, so that together with the Monassir tribes he can dispose of four thousand warriors, half of whom have only spears and swords, the remainder being provided with good firearms. Nour-ed-deen has already left for Abou Ahmed, there to await the arrival of Earle's column. At Abou Ahmed there are several guns and a large quantity of ammunition and rifles belonging to the old Egyptian dépôt there.

The native troops of the Mudir of Dongola mustered three hundred, armed with Remington rifles; they are pleased with the treatment they have received since joining our army.

The Sketches by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, represent Lord Wolseley's head-quarters at Korti, and a party of the Royal Engineers building a fort at that place; there is another scene of unloading boats on the river. Our large Engraving shows an incident of the war, the capturing of intercepted supplies on their way to the enemy.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, Jan. 27.

On Sunday the Parisians had to elect a Senator. Amongst the candidates was M. Spuller, a born Democrat, an orator and writer of merit, a man who has been usefully concerned in public affairs for fifteen years; but, as if to justify the maxim that democracy demands none but mediocre and obedient representatives, the electors preferred to M. Spuller one Doctor Georges Martin, aged forty, unknown to fame. M. Martin thus becomes the colleague of Victor Hugo as the representative of the Light City, the cynosure of civilisation, the navel of the universe, or, in other words, the capital of France. The programme supported by M. Martin is that of communal autonomy, the extreme form of Radicalism. Utterly vanquished at Paris, the policy of opportunism did not succeed very brilliantly in the provinces. In the departments of the Nord and Pas de Calais the Republicans have lost three seats, and, in spite of the new electoral law specially designed to combat the Conservatives, the latter have been by no means ignominiously defeated. The Duc de Broglie and M. Bocher have lost their seats, it is true; nevertheless, out of eighty-seven seats, the Conservatives have succeeded in keeping twenty. Thus M. Ferry has proved to be a false prophet in his prediction that with the new electoral law the Monarchists would be eliminated in thirty-one out of thirty-seven departments, and the Cabinet has received within the past few days two blows—the opportunist defeat at Paris and the military defeat at Kelung. The Conservatives, therefore, remain hopeful, and expect to obtain important reactionary results with universal suffrage at the time of the general elections. The Senate will resume its sittings on Thursday. The Chamber met this afternoon, and the first business of the Session will be the discussion of the Extraordinary Budget of 1885.

Society is skating and having night fêtes with the electric light on the pond of the Gun Club in the Bois de Boulogne. This is the seventeenth day of safe ice. Since the very hard winter of 1880-1 there has been no skating in Paris, so that the continuance of the frost is quite an event, and the reporters are writing columns about the exploits of exotic and other notabilities of fashionable Paris, who drive up to the Gun Club every afternoon to show off their furs.

Another chapter has begun in the life of that extraordinary genius, Sarah Bernhardt. She has abandoned her house in the Rue Fortuny and all that it contains to her innumerable creditors; and last week her furniture, objects of art, and, in short, all her worldly goods, were sold by auction at the Hôtel Drouot. Oddly enough, the sale attracted little or no attention; very few people took the trouble to go to see, much less to buy; and, with very few exceptions, the purchasers were brokers and dealers. The total of the three days' sale was small, 27,000f. A year or two ago the sale of Sarah Bernhardt's furniture would have been a Parisian event of the first magnitude. But everything has an end, and Sarah has provoked our curiosity in such multifarious ways, and so persistently, that she has finally wearied us. Happily for her, she has talent enough as an actress to force our admiration whether we will or not.

Let me take advantage of the general lull in political and social matters to mention a few notable new books. Awakened at length to the rapid progress made by neighbouring nations in all the branches of art, the French are beginning to feel the necessity of improving and enlarging their systems of artistic education, and, at the same time, of popularising artistic study. M. Quantin is now publishing, with this view, under the patronage of the Fine-Arts Department, an excellent series of manuals, with the general title of the "Library of Fine-Art Teaching." Each volume contains three or four hundred pages of text, and one hundred or one hundred and fifty engravings, and the whole series will form a complete encyclopædia of the Arts, written by the most competent authorities. Amongst the recently published volumes, I notice two of special excellence and interest: a dictionary of Art terms, and a most concise, readable, and complete account of Etruscan and Roman Art, by M. Jules Marthas. Thanks to this handy volume, "L'Archéologie Etrusque et Romaine," a promenade in certain galleries of the Louvre which visitors are inclined to neglect becomes amusing as well as instructive. M. Jules Adeline's "Lexique des Termes d'Art," with its hundreds of illustrative little wood-cuts, has the merits of completeness, brevity, and usefulness: every private library and every student's shelves ought to have a copy. I mention these two volumes especially out of a dozen others, all of merit, on mosaic, Byzantine art, music, manuscripts and miniatures, engravings, &c.

The Anarchist leaders who created a disturbance at the Salle Lévis, a few Sundays ago, were tried last week. Five of them were condemned each to two months' imprisonment for inciting their fellow-citizens to murder and pillage, and one was condemned to five years' imprisonment for attempting to kill a policeman. During this trial a curious incident happened. The Judge summoned the reporters who were present at the meeting to give evidence, but they all refused, and were fined accordingly each 100f., according to the law. This is the first time that justice has taken such a measure towards the press, and all the newspapers agree in condemning the mistake of the magistrate in question. Reporters, it is maintained, ought to enjoy the privilege of professional secrecy.

M. Caro, the eminent "Christian philosopher" was hissed during his last lecture at the Sorbonne by the students, who are at the present moment of a Voltairian turn of thinking. Their hisses were meant as a protestation of a declaration of Christian faith made by M. Caro, the other day, at the funeral of Edmond About.

T. C.

The King of Spain returned to Madrid late on the 22nd inst., from his visit to the districts devastated by the earthquakes. He was cordially received by the people. Further slight shocks of earthquakes have been felt at Malaga, Loja, Velaz-Malaga, and Almuñecar.

The Emperor William has recovered from his indisposition. The Empress held a reception at the Imperial Palace on the 22nd inst., and was afterwards present at the State concert which followed. The Crown Prince and Princess and the Princes and Princesses of the Imperial family also attended the reception and the concert. Prince Henry of Battenberg was present. The annual Court Ball at the Opera-House, fixed for the 30th inst., has been further postponed until the 3rd prox., owing to the Emperor's express desire to be present. The Emperor has contributed £1000 on behalf of the sufferers by the late earthquakes in Spain.—In the German Parliament a vote of 150,000 marks for explorations in Central Africa was agreed to by a large majority. In the course of the debate, protests were made against the addresses to Prince Bismarck expressing indignation at the recent refusal of the House to grant him another assistant at the Foreign Office.

In last Saturday's sitting of the Hungarian Lower House the proposal of Herr Ugron, of the Extreme Left, to make the Catholic Church independent of the State was rejected by

155 votes against 98. The Croatian members abstained from voting.

The University of Kieff was reopened on Monday. The Curator, in addressing the students, expressed his regret at the incidents which led to the closing of the institution. He hoped that as men of science they would in future devote themselves exclusively to the interests of science, and that the pursuit of these interests would lead to the permanent establishment of order and tranquillity in the University.

In Tuesday's sitting of the Finance Committee of the Danish Folkething, the Left majority reduced the Budget presented by the Government by seven and a half to eight million kroner. The Right had previously intimated their willingness to agree to a reduction of two million kroner. This abatement is spread over all branches of the State expenditure. It is believed that in consequence of this decision the Government will bring in a provisional Finance Bill.

The news of the dynamite explosions in London reached the American cities at noon last Saturday, causing a great sensation. Universal execration of the criminals was expressed. On Monday the Senate of the United States adopted, by 63 votes to 1, Mr. Bayard's resolution (proposed last Saturday) expressing indignation at the explosions in London, and detestation of such crimes. A resolution calling on the Secretary of State for information as to whether any citizen of the United States, or persons domiciled there, had been concerned in these explosions, was referred to the appropriate committee. The New York journals, one and all, denounce Rossa and his associates as enemies of civilisation. But at a meeting of Socialists, held in Chicago, the outrages in London were applauded, and the free use of dynamite against capitalists was recommended. The *Daily News* correspondent at New York telegraphs that a Dynamite Prohibition Bill has been introduced in the New York Legislature which is more comprehensive and satisfactory than Mr. Edmunds's measure. The Bill makes it a felony to contribute or solicit money for the purpose of manufacturing or using explosives to destroy life or property. The correspondent says that the sentiment in favour of legislation of some kind grows stronger daily. A resolution has been introduced in the Pennsylvania Legislature denouncing the dynamiters, and asking the Senators to support Mr. Edmunds's Bill.

A Reuter despatch from Melbourne states that the City Council has passed a resolution expressing regret that the representations of the Colonies with respect to recent German annexations in New Guinea were not received with due consideration by the British Government, and praying her Majesty to take steps to effectually remedy the evil done.

It is announced from Perth, in West Australia, that the manager and accountant of the Union Bank of Australia's branch in Roeburne have been found tomahawked on the bank's premises. There is no clue to the assassins.

A largely attended bazaar was held at Hastings on Tuesday, in connection with St. Peter's Church, which is being built mainly for the poor, and towards the erection of which the sum of £11,000 was given by an unknown benefactor.

Mr. Parnell, M.P., on the occasion of turning the first turf of a light railway to be constructed in county Clare, under the Tramways Act, delivered an address on Monday glorifying the League agitation, and denouncing landlord "tyranny" and English "misrule." He made no reference to the outrages in London.

At a public meeting at Ramsgate on Monday night the silver medal of the Royal Humane Society was presented to a Ramsgate fisherman, named Edward Grainger, who gallantly rescued a lad from drowning last November. The lad fell into the sluice water as it was rushing from the inner harbour with so much force that no boat could have gone to the rescue.

In connection with the inquiries set on foot by the Committee on Stamps, appointed by the late Postmaster-General, the Government have instructed Mr. Purcell, the Controller of Stamps, accompanied by two of the superior officers of his department, to visit and report upon the various Government stamp factories in the principal cities of Europe.

The Board of Trade have awarded a binocular glass to Captain Soren Carlsen, of the Norwegian brig *Sigfrinn*, of Christiania, in acknowledgment of his humanity and kindness to the shipwrecked crew of the schooner *Dewdrop*, which was abandoned at sea, while on a voyage from Turk's Island to Jersey, on Feb. 3, 1884.

The annual Christmas-tree festival of the Royal Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind took place last Saturday in that institution, at Upper Norwood, when Mr. L. Courtney, M.P., presided. Several letters from former pupils who are earning good salaries as teachers of music were read.

The Peabody trustees have erected another range of buildings for the industrial classes, which are intended to be thrown open for occupation at once. The buildings are situated on the west side of Little Cornam-street, and have been erected on the Foundling estate, covering an area of about 15,000 superficial feet. They consist of eight double blocks, and have been built on the east, west, north, and south sides of the site, respectively, around a spacious open area and recreation-ground, about 220 ft. in length and 120 ft. in width.

An interesting little letter appears in the *Times* from the governor of the Gas Light and Coke Company as to the cost of a London fog. On last Tuesday, the 20th inst., we suffered from a fog of fairly average density, which necessitated the burning of gas nearly the whole day. The result was that this single gas company had to deliver 35,000,000 cubic feet of gas above the corresponding day of the previous year, an increase of 37 per cent. The cost to the public from this one day's darkness in extra gas bills alone was £5250, and the manufacture of the extra supply of gas necessitated the carbonisation of 3500 tons of coal, 1 ton of coal producing 1000 feet of gas on the average. The quantity of gas delivered last Tuesday was 96,000,000 cubic feet, the largest quantity ever sent out in one day.

The eighth annual bicycle and tricycle show, held by the Stanley Cycling Club, was on Wednesday morning opened on the Thames Embankment. The show, which has from its establishment proved popular with a large section of the public, has for several years past been an increasing one. The gallery of the Royal Albert Hall, which in 1883 proved adequate for the exhibits, was last year vacated in favour of the Floral Hall, while this year the directors have been obliged to erect an enormous tent on the waste ground near Blackfriars Bridge, in order to accommodate the 300 and odd machines, comprising 270 distinct types, which have been entered for exhibition. The exhibits comprise every type of bi and tri-cycle, new and old, cycling impedimenta of various kinds, and a number of wheeling accessories. Among the most interesting exhibits are a "dandy horse," the precursor of the modern bicycle, dating from 1819, and an original "bone-shaker." The most practical outcome of the exhibition is the number of adaptations of the cycle to every-day requirements.

THE NILE EXPEDITION: SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.



UNLOADING BOATS.



LORD WOLSELEY'S HEAD-QUARTERS AT KORTI.



THE LATE P. C. ASBJØRNSEN,
NORWEGIAN TALE-WRITER AND NATURALIST.



THE LATE EDMOND ABOUT,
FRENCH NOVELIST AND JOURNALIST.

THE EARTHQUAKE IN SPAIN.

In addition to our Sketches already published, which showed the tremendous havoc caused by the earthquake on Christmas Eve in the town of Alhama, and the disturbance and distress it occasioned in the cities of Malaga and Granada, we present a Sketch by Mr. Dietrichsen, a German artist, of the ruins of Albuñuelas; this is a smaller town, but has suffered almost as severely as Alhama, and more than any other place in the province. Four hundred and fifty-seven houses were destroyed at Albuñuelas; a hundred and seventy-three persons were killed, among them the parish priest and many of the principal inhabitants; and two hundred and sixty-six were wounded. Many of these remained for hours buried among the ruins before assistance could be obtained to dig them out. The road to Albuñuelas passes through a wild country full of spots celebrated in the history of Spain as being the scene of conflicts with the Moors. Among them are the heights from which Boabdil looked his last upon Granada.

The town of Periana, at the foot of the Sierra Nevada mountains, but in the province of Malaga, was almost totally destroyed, the number of houses thrown down being seven hundred and fifty, while about a hundred persons were killed, and two hundred injured. The church, the townhall, and the convents were all destroyed. Only fifty houses are left standing, and they are in a ruinous state. At Velez Malaga, fifty-three persons were killed and seventy injured; four hundred and fifty houses, a convent, and two churches are in a ruinous state. This was a town of 26,000 inhabitants, near the seacoast, five miles east of the city of Malaga. At Cañillas two hundred and eighty houses were totally destroyed, and two hundred and twenty are in a ruinous condition.

The King of Spain, Alfonso XII., returned last week to Madrid, after a tour in which he visited most of the places which have suffered by the earthquake. His Majesty refused to accept any banquets or other public entertainments during the course of his tour, and requested that funds destined for such purposes should be given to the national

subscription for the relief of the sufferers. He took much trouble, personally, in the distribution of the money which he had brought with him for the purpose among the families most in need of assistance, the wants of the widows and orphans being in the first place inquired into and relieved. The King went about among the sufferers and spoke to them with great kindness, and was visibly moved at the spectacle of such wide and deep distress. He was everywhere welcomed by the people with touching demonstrations of gratitude, as well as of loyalty.

Sir Frederick Leighton on the 22nd inst. distributed prizes gained by the Canterbury School of Art, and spoke of the beneficent and refining influences of artistic studies.

Messrs. Spiers and Pond's tender for the refreshment departments at the forthcoming South Kensington International Inventions Exhibition has been accepted by the executive council.



THE EARTHQUAKE IN SPAIN: RUINS OF ALBUÑUELAS.

DOING GOOD.

"Doing good!" the reader may exclaim, upon reading the heading of this paper. "What more is there to be said about this terribly trite subject? Every day it is forced upon our attention. The post brings to us appeals of all kinds, the pulpits echo them, the advertisement columns of the daily papers repeat the cry, and every middle-aged woman we meet, who is unburdened with family claims, has at least half a score of charitable projects with which to fill her neighbours' hands as well as her own, or to empty their pockets."

It must be admitted that the reader is right. On all sides of us we see a strenuous, persistent philanthropy—a noble rage for doing good such as the world has never hitherto witnessed. Men and women are loving their fellow-creatures, or pretending to love them—for goodness is always followed by its counterfeit—with an energy resembling that of a mountain stream which the thaw of the snow has swelled into a torrent. Nor are our "fellow-mortals," the lower animals, forgotten in this generous crusade. We labour for their good—blindly perhaps, sometimes, but in a kindly spirit at all times; and though cruelty has by no means died out of the land, it receives from every right-minded person the execration it deserves. A man who beats his horse is liable to be imprisoned for the offence; he is not even allowed to beat his wife. There may be sentimental ladies who will weep over a dying cat, and eat *pâté-de-foies-gras*; who subscribe to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, while they torture their horses with bearing-reins, and are not ashamed to be seen at Hurlingham. Yet have they been known to give their clothes to the poor when far from being worn out, but only out of fashion; so that it may be supposed they are cruel simply from ignorance and thoughtlessness. They want imagination; they fail to conceive what they do not feel. They hate cruelty in the abstract, but when it comes to them in the form of pleasure they do not see that it is cruelty. However, let us own thankfully that aberrations of this kind are rare, and that doing good is as genuine a characteristic of the age as the passion for getting money. Sometimes the two are curiously linked together, and a man deludes himself by thinking he is working for humanity, when his real aim is to fill his own pocket and the pockets of his fellow-shareholders.

A delusion of another and less selfish kind is often to be seen in the advocates of doing good. With many of them this means doing exactly what they do. Some kinds of generous or useful action they understand fully, for other kinds they have no sympathy whatever. To give away tracts or bibles, blankets or soup, goody books or knitted shawls, and to teach in the Sunday school, is the broadest view they can take of doing good. Excellent souls! Surely they have their reward, although their world of charity is a narrow one. Unfortunately, it never occurs to them that men and women may be working on very different lines, and yet doing as much good, or possibly even more. For instance, the physician who, after years of unwearying toil, has discovered a remedy for some great physical evil, has done a service to mankind which cannot be weighed in any scales. Think what the use of anaesthetics has done for the relief of human suffering and for the progress of what has been justly called conservative surgery. "Past all counting," wrote Sir James Paget in 1879, "is the sense of happiness enjoyed by the millions who in the last thirty-three years have escaped the pains that were inevitable to surgical operations, pains made more terrible by apprehension, more keen by close attention, sometimes awful in a swift agony, sometimes prolonged beyond even the most patient endurance, and then renewed in memory and terrible in dreams. These will never be felt again." We forget our benefactors, but it would be shameful indeed to forget the good done by Dr. Simpson, of Edinburgh, who was the first to apply chloroform as an anaesthetic. And few men in these modern days have done more good to mankind than Mr. Lister, the originator of the antiseptic treatment, by which operations can be safely performed that would not have been attempted twenty years ago. Other illustrations, almost equally pertinent, might be given of what doing good means when the agent is a man of

genius and of science. Whatever tends to lengthen human life, to lessen human suffering, to make existence brighter and happier, is a boon which the dullest intellect can appreciate. Other modes of doing good may not be quite so obvious. The poet or novelist, probably, is less esteemed as a benefactor than the distinguished surgeon or physician. Comparisons are difficult—nay, in many cases, impossible; but no reader capable of appreciating the works of Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, and Scott, or who has found, as Lord Holland found, a delight and sedative in Jane Austen's novels even when tortured with the gout, will doubt that they rank with the principal benefactors of mankind. Such writers give us, as a great poet has said, "nobler loves and nobler cares"; they widen our intellectual horizon; they touch the heart with sympathy; they make sorrow less oppressive, and give a deeper intensity to joy. Can we doubt, too, that the authors of all really worthy books have done good of the most lasting kind, and that the work of the humblest conscientious writer may be at least as fruitful as the labours—shall we say?—of a district visitor?

There are, in fact, few kinds of human action, save those which are distinctly evil, which may not yield very definite good. Recreation, when wisely conducted, may do this in no mean measure, and yet people are prone to look upon recreation and amusement as having no connection with the duties of life. Art and music, and what is called light literature, may do this, and the good which the sight of Nature does to a weary spirit cannot be uttered in words. Nature, by-the-by, has a silent way of doing good, makes no parade about it, and cures her patients by the gentlest methods. What is needed seems to be that every man should strive to do the kind of good for which he is best fitted, making the action fine, as George Herbert said, by doing it in a right spirit. Do not let us all strive to run in the same groove. Every man has his own calling; and it would be as absurd to grumble that Lord Shaftesbury and Miss Florence Nightingale cannot write poetry like Lord Tennyson, as it would be to regret that he has not devoted his life, as they have done, to organising charitable works and putting down social abuses.

A young man named John Owen was brought before the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House on Wednesday charged with attempting to forge the transfer of £4900 East India Stock, standing on the books of the Bank of England in the name of the Rev. William Forbes Capel, of Frimley, Surrey, with intent to defraud the Bank of England. Mr. Capel, the owner of the stock in question, is at present travelling abroad, and on Jan. 6 a letter was written in his name to Mr. Shaw, a stockbroker, which represented that Mr. Capel was in England unknown to his family, and was desirous of selling £4900 East India Four per Cent Stock standing in his name in the Bank of England, but he wished the matter to be kept private, and this was why he did not employ his own stockbrokers. The writer of the letter also stated that a power of attorney would be required to sell out the stock, and if this was sent to him he would sign it, and appoint Mr. Shaw to act for him. The letter was dated from Studley-street, Hammersmith, which address upon inquiry turned out to be a small barber's shop, and suspicion seems to have been at once created in the mind of Mr. Shaw with regard to the transaction. He therefore communicated with the Bank of England, and the police were set in motion. Various communications passed in writing between Mr. Shaw and his correspondent, the latter on all occasions expressing his wish that for family reasons it should not be known that he was in England, or that he desired to sell the stock in question. The prisoner, it appeared, was in the habit of calling for the letters that were sent to Studley-street addressed to Mr. Capel, and he was apprehended by Sergeant Child on Wednesday morning when applying for them. When told what he was charged with, he appeared quite prepared for the emergency, and said that he was merely employed by a gentleman to fetch any letters that might be addressed to him at Studley-street; and he produced a letter which he had received that day from the gentleman, in which he inclosed him three shillings' worth of postage stamps for his trouble. Sergeant Child was examined, to prove the circumstances under which he arrested the prisoner, and the case was then adjourned.

THE LATE EDMOND ABOUT.

This clever and witty French writer, who at one period lent his incisive pen to support the foreign policy of Napoleon III., and rendered some service to the liberation of Italy from Austrian and Papal oppression, died two or three weeks ago. He was born in 1828, at Dieuze, and, after a brilliant school course at the Charlemagne Lyceum, carried off, in his twenty-first year, the chief prize in philosophy, and entered the Ecole Normale, from which he passed, in 1851, to the French school at Athens. It was here that his first literary work, an archaeological account of the Island of Aegina, was written. Returning to Paris, he wrote, in 1855, "The Greece of To-day," a book which was translated into several foreign languages; and by 1860 he had become famous as a journalist and novel writer. His pamphlet on the Roman Question, advocating the abolition of the Temporal Power of the Pope, made M. About the object of Ultramontane hostility. In the following years his work for the stage met with mingled success and failure. The year 1863 found him a member of the staff of the *Gauche*; and when the Franco-German war broke out he was for a few weeks a correspondent at the front, whence he sent a vivacious account of the skirmish in which the Prince Imperial received his *baptême de feu*. After a brief imprisonment by the enemy, M. About returned to Paris, and became a Republican under M. Thiers, distinguishing himself by attacks in the *XXIXe Siècle* on the Monarchical and Clerical parties. On a visit to Alsace he was again arrested by the German authorities, but the charge of high treason and outrage against the German Emperor was not sustained. He had recently been elected to the French Academy.

THE LATE P. C. ASBJÖRNSSEN.

Many readers here are acquainted with the popular Norwegian fairy-tale writer, Asbjørnsen, "the Grimm of Scandinavia," whose death took place at Christiania on the 6th inst. A selection of his tales has been published in English translations. Asbjørnsen was born at Christiania in January, 1812, and took his degree at the University of that city in 1837. He spent much of his life in zoological studies and researches, and thus had frequent opportunities of visiting all parts of the country, and mixing with the people. He began early collecting the weird and wonderful stories which he heard on his wanderings, and, having become intimate with the poet Jørgen Moe, afterwards Bishop of Christiansand, who had a taste for similar pursuits, he published, in 1841, in conjunction with this friend, the first collection of "Norwegian Folk and Fairy Tales," which was followed by his second series, published in 1871. These tales have become a classic in Norwegian literature, and not only have an immense reputation in the Scandinavian countries, but have also gained the author a European fame. Translations of these remarkable specimens of quaint and primitive folklore have appeared in most of the European languages, and in America. In 1845 and 1848 he published his "Huldre Eventyr," a collection of tales about the Huldre, and other fairies of the Norwegian woods, hills, and rivers. Asbjørnsen has also written several scientific and practical works, and has been a constant contributor to the periodical press of his country. His stories have had a profound influence upon the younger poets of Norway of our day, owing no doubt to the elements of national character which he brought to light, and which had previously remained unnoticed and unappreciated. They afford the best opportunity of making foreigners acquainted with the life, the humour, and the temper of the Norwegian people, and with the interesting folklore of the country. Asbjørnsen's name will always occupy an honoured and revered place, not only in the literature of his native land, but also in the hearts of his countrymen.

General Gordon attained on Wednesday his fifty-second birthday.

Our Portrait of the late Colonel Frederick Burnaby is from a photograph by Mr. T. Fall, of Baker-street; that of Commander Alfred Pigott, R.N., from one by Mr. W. G. Lewis, of Bath; that of Major W. H. Atherton, by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, Baker-street; also that of Lieutenant Rudolph De Lisle, R.N.; and that of M. Edmond About, by Emile Tourtin, Boulevard des Italiens, Paris.

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arrangements with Messrs. Puttick and Simpson to sell by
Auction, on Tuesday, Feb. 24, the Copyright and Plates of Mr.
Stanford's two Operas, "The Canterbury Pilgrims" and
"Savonarola." The former work was performed by the Carl
Rosa Company last Easter, and was published at the same
time. "Savonarola" was played in German at Covent Garden
last summer. Although the Plates were engraved, it has never
been published. Each work cost the publishers £120 for Copy-
right. Further particulars may be obtained of the Auctioneers,
47, Leicester-square; or BOOSEY and CO., 255, Regent-street.

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CHLORODYNE.—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood
stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. Collis Browne was un-
doubtedly the inventor of Chlorodyne; that the whole story
of the defendant Freeman was deliberately untrue, and he
regretted to say it had been sworn to.—See the "Times,"
July 13, 1892.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S
CHLORODYNE.—The Right Hon. Earl Russell com-
municated to the College of Physicians and J. T. Davenport that
he had received information to the effect that the only remedy
of any service in cholera was Chlorodyne.—See "Lancet,"
Dec. 31, 1892.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S
CHLORODYNE.—Extract from the Medical Times,
Jan. 12, 1893:—"Is prescribed scores of orthodox practitioners.
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CHAPTER VIII.

CARDREW.

Chance, which plays a considerable part in the lives of most people, is responsible for all the works and ways of a few. Chance took Mr. Irvine to Cornwall on his wedding-trip, some five-and-twenty years before the opening of the present narrative; chance led him to Polruth; the chance of his wife's having caught a cold in her head kept him for two days in that unfrequented fishing-hamlet; and chance caused him to walk up to the old grey house called Cardrew, which stands just beneath the brow of the hills above the village. Cardrew had been many years for sale, and its appearance at that time was hardly calculated to attract purchasers, its garden being an overgrown wilderness, its windows for the most part broken, and every fence and gate about it rotting away from neglect and age. But Mr. Irvine, who possessed a comfortable fortune and no home, happened to have his pockets stuffed full of house-agents' lists, and was anticipating, with the misery of an undecided man, a long period of house-hunting. Here was a house to be sold—a solid, well-built, roomy house, with a sufficiency of land about it, a healthy position, and an admirable prospect. What a deal of worry might be saved by securing it and making it habitable! He consulted his wife, and had the happiness to find that her views coincided with his own. There was certainly no reason why they should establish themselves in Cornwall, with which county they had no family connection; but, on the other hand, there was no particular reason why they should not. So the old place was bought for a mere song, and, the necessary repairs having been completed, Mr. and Mrs. Irvine took possession.

There they settled down and multiplied, as the years went on, with satisfaction to themselves and to those who dwelt around them. The neighbours, high and low—there were not a great many of either class—soon became attracted to this simple couple, and freely forgave them for not having been born and bred in the duchy. Mrs. Irvine, active, restless, and profoundly interested in local affairs, while keeping open her many lines of communication with the outer world, was in more ways than one a godsend to the parish. Her blunders, it is true, were many and frequent, but they were very seldom harmful, and though some people might occasionally find her a bore, no one had ever been heard to accuse her of selfishness or ill-nature. As for her husband, he was liked, as most of us learn to like the inanimate objects upon which our eyes rest every day. His long hair, his devious gait, and somewhat vacant smile became familiar to Polruth, and would, if they had disappeared, have been missed almost as much as the yew-tree in the churchyard or Daniel Chenoweth's old grey mare. In due time, his appointment as a magistrate added a touch of dignity to his harmless, desultory existence; but he was seldom seen two miles away from home, except when the news of an impending sale took him up to London, whence he would return laden with spoils in the shape of antiquities or additions to what was fast becoming one of the finest numismatic collections in the west of England.

When six boys and a girl had to be fed, clothed, and educated, the acquisition of these ancient coins entailed a rather larger outlay of modern ones than was quite convenient; but living at Polruth is very cheap, and although the Irvines were sometimes obliged to consider expense, they could not be said to have ever really felt the pinch of poverty.

The boys grew up into young men with that amazing rapidity which is common to the human race, but which is perhaps more noticeable in quiet neighbourhoods than in cities. The girl, as we have seen, developed into a singularly beautiful young woman, and was not so conscious of the fact as she might have been if anyone or anything, except her looking-glass, had informed her of it.

But she did not consult her glass more often than was necessary for the purposes of the toilet, and in the immediate vicinity of Polruth there dwelt no young man of her own rank. Her occupations, after she had been released from the authority of her governess, were so few that she would have found time hang heavily on her hands had she not been bred to the enjoyment of still life; her amusements were for the most part such as her brothers could join in, and her knowledge of the world was gleaned solely from what they told her and from books, of which she was an eager and untrammelled devourer.

Thus it came to pass that Anglo-Roman society was astounded, one winter, by the appearance in its midst of that rare phenomenon, a totally unselfconscious beauty. That she did not receive at least a dozen offers during the three months which she spent with her parents on the banks of the Tiber, was probably due to the circumstance that she was at once monopolised by Mr. Wilbraham; to which cause may also be assigned her willingness to leave scenes which, to her inexperienced eyes, far surpassed all that had ever been said or written about them. For she did not wish to marry this man. Nature was beginning to awaken in her; in a vague, dreamy way she realised the possibilities of life and love, and felt within herself a capacity for happiness such as she knew of

only by hearsay. Carriages, diamonds, and the other adjuncts of wealth tempted her very little, nor did it occur to her to desire the love of a man who could give her these pleasant things. Yet Mr. Wilbraham, viewed in the abstract, was very desirable. He had large estates, he had powerful connections, and he was more than usually pleasing in person and manners. Such a highly favoured individual is not to be rejected without reasons, and reasons were precisely what Clare could not give for rejecting him. When Mrs. Irvine, with some natural impatience, asked her what she would have, she could only reply that she didn't know; and when her suitor roundly declared that he would not take No for an answer, she thought of all that he could do for the boys, and hesitated. Like many other young persons, she was subject to fits of melancholy which nothing in her circumstances warranted. It seemed to her that hers was a purposeless life, and that if she could promote the happiness of others by marrying a man whom she really did not dislike, it would perhaps be foolish, as well as selfish, to draw back because of some undefined prospect which she feared to lose. Wilbraham's arrival at Lucerne found her still wavering; but no sooner had she reached home than she wrote him a refusal so decisive that he made no further attempt to move her. From this it might seem as though the prospect above referred to had ceased to be undefined; but such was by no means Clare's belief. She was a good deal ashamed of herself, and felt that her eldest brother, Jack, was not far wrong when he called her an "awful duffer" for throwing such a chance away.

"Just think of the sport we might have had!" he exclaimed, regretfully. "Do you know that he has a deer-forest and a three-hundred ton yacht, and that they made bigger bags at his place in Norfolk last winter than on any other estate in England? It strikes me that you are too ambitious, Clare. The last member of the Royal family is disposed of now, you know; and the supply of unmarried Dukes is lamentably deficient."

The girl was really more hurt by this good-humoured chaff than she cared to show. No one treated her with unkindness; but it was clear enough that everyone thought her rather silly, and she was conscious that she had been to blame in taking so long a time to make up her mind. Heriot's arrival was a comfort to her. He and she had always been friends; she knew instinctively that he understood her, and this knowledge was not the less soothing because she had some difficulty in understanding herself. Sometimes she was inclined to ask him whether he thought she had done wrong; but now that the thing was over, and the decision irrevocable, there seemed to be little use in talking about it; so she kept her misgivings to herself, and carried them out to a certain grassy headland overlooking Polruth Bay, where she was wont to dream away some part of the long summer days.

One afternoon in the beginning of August she was sitting there upon the short, sweet-smelling herbage, her hands clasped round her knees, and her eyes fixed upon the golden mists which obscured the horizon. Some three or four hundred feet beneath her the Atlantic rollers woke the echoes of the caves; on her right hand Polruth, a jumble of slate roofs and steep, narrow streets, overtopped its diminutive harbour, and to the right of that again a great semicircle of white sand swept away to the promontory which formed the northern horn of the bay. Clare did not heed this familiar prospect, nor hear the shouts that arose from the returning fishing-boats. For a long time she had remained without changing her attitude, and from the intensity of her gaze it might almost have seemed as though, like Sister Anne, she expected to see somebody coming to her out of that mysterious haze which bounded the world.

Somebody was indeed coming; though from a less improbable direction. A young man, who had just arrived from London, and had taken up his quarters at Mrs. Treweeke's lodgings, had strolled out to get a breath of fresh air before dinner, and when this young man recognised Miss Irvine, his heart leaped up within him. What was he to do? He had come to Polruth with the firm intention of keeping his secret, of speaking to her only when other persons were present, and of avoiding all risk of self-betrayal. Prudence, therefore, counselled a swift and silent retreat, and he actually did turn round and take as many as six steps in the direction of the village before he stopped to see whether prudence might not be open to argument. What happens under such circumstances we all know. Prudence is always vanquished before the argument begins, and in another minute Clare heard a voice behind her saying, "Miss Irvine, how do you do?"

The voice had an odd tremor in it; it said a great deal more than the above meaningless phrase—a great deal more than it had any business to say. And when Clare scrambled to her feet and turned round, she met a pair of liquid grey eyes which spoke so plainly that she somewhat hurriedly dropped her own under their gaze. But it was without any other sign of trouble than this that she held out her hand, saying frankly: "How do you do, Mr. Vidal? So you have really come to Polruth, after all. I am so glad."

"You are very kind to say so," murmured Vidal. He was not accustomed to feel embarrassed in the presence of man or woman, and had perhaps never before in his life been at a loss for words; but now commonplaces seemed to stick in his throat, and he could only stand and look at her as she faced him there, with the sinking sun making a blaze of sea and sky behind her and turning her hair into a nimbus. The moment had come, then! He had hardly known how intensely he had longed for it; he had not expected that it would move him so deeply; he was really afraid to open his lips, lest the thoughts that were in him should escape through them against his will. Oh, miserable pettiness of an artificial state of society, which held him tongue-tied because, forsooth, his income was numbered in three figures instead of four! How was it possible for mortal man, with all his inner being in such a condition of ferment, to begin talking about the weather and the unpunctuality of the trains?

Perhaps it was not possible. At all events, Vidal continued speechless, and it was Miss Irvine who expressed a hope that the heat had not made his journey very disagreeable. "We have been having a most beautiful summer," she said, "and everybody prophesies that it is going to last. I hope it will; because, if so, you will see Polruth at its best, and perhaps, as my brothers are at home, you won't find it so overpoweringly dull. You know that Mr. Heriot is here?"

Vidal said "Yes," and did not add that, all things considered, he would have been just as well pleased if Mr. Heriot had not been there. They were walking back towards the village by this time, and he was wondering whether he would ever be alone with her again. Probably not. He could foresee what was coming. With a host of noisy young men swarming round him, and with Heriot for ever on the watch, it was not likely that such moments as these would recur. Well; perhaps it was best so.

"Do you remember our walk on the Rigi?" he asked, abruptly.

"Oh, yes; how wet and disagreeable it was! You went out to some place in the mountains afterwards, didn't you? Have you been long back in England?"

Wet and disagreeable!—was that the only memory that she

had preserved of an afternoon which he had so often lived through again in his thoughts? Vidal's heart sank; he answered her questions mechanically, and scarcely listened to her while she enumerated the various diversions by which the monotony of life at Polruth might be relieved. What were lawn-tennis, and fishing for bass, and picnics to him? Yet, as they walked on, he could not but observe that her manner had lost its accustomed calm, that she was talking more and talking faster than she had ever done at Lucerne, and that all the time she looked straight in front of her, instead of turning sometimes towards her companion, as it would have been more natural to do. Now Vidal, though in love, had not so far parted with his powers of induction as not to know what this meant. His secret was evidently a secret no longer. Whether the discovery of it had been agreeable or disagreeable to Miss Irvine he could not tell; but he saw that she had made the discovery, and that it was agitating her. He did not offer to accompany her beyond the door of his lodgings, and secretly hoped that she might understand and appreciate this act of self-denial. Whether she did so or not, she was unmistakably relieved to be set free.

"Papa or one of the boys will come down and see you after breakfast to-morrow," she said; "and you must not expect to be allowed much time for work while you are here."

She paused and opened her lips, as if she were going to add something, but seemed to change her mind, and only said "Good-night," as she turned away.

Vidal watched her out of sight; then slowly climbed the stairs to his sitting-room. He threw himself down upon the broad window-seat and, with his folded arms resting upon the sill, looked out across the bay. He was two thirds remorseful and one third glad that he had broken down so deplorably at the very outset. That he should have done so did not say much for his self-control; but her knowledge of the truth would make his future part in some ways less difficult to play; "and after all," thought he, "it is not exactly my fault if she has found out to-day what she must have found out sooner or later; I said nothing that I ought not to have said; I didn't stay with her a moment longer than mere civility required. Unless I had gone away without speaking to her at all, I hardly see how I could have behaved with more discretion. And in any case, I must have seen her to-morrow, when she would infallibly have detected me. Don't women always know when a man loves them?"

He got what solace he could out of such sophistries as these, and then, dismissing the question of responsibility from his mind, fell to thinking of how lovely she was, and recalling all her words and movements, while the daylight faded out of the west and the sea changed from blue to grey and the stars came out, one by one.

Early the next morning Mr. Irvine made his appearance, charged by his wife with many messages, the exact wording of which he was compelled to own that he had forgotten on the way. "But I know," he concluded, "that I have strict orders to take you back to Cardrew with me, and I can say on my own account that we shall all be very much disappointed if you do not treat us like friends and lunch and dine with us whenever you are disposed. It doesn't look very friendly to have left you to house yourself in lodgings; but I think Mrs. Irvine explained to you that we are full to the roof just now. We are such a large family," continued the old gentleman, with something of a sigh, "that I often have difficulty in recollecting our exact numbers and names. However, Mrs. Irvine will be able to tell you that—and the more the merrier, you know," he concluded, cheerfully.

Vidal was not quite sure about the universal application of the proverb; but he said what was polite, and signified his willingness to be entertained. He was just then under the full influence of that beatific vision which comes once (let us hope at least once) to all mortals, and which, while it lasts, has power to convert the tamest landscape into a paradise, if only this be connected in some way with one especial person: but even though Cardrew had not been glorified by the presence of Clare Irvine, and though the lanes which led up to the house from Polruth had never received her footprints, Vidal must still have acknowledged that he had seldom seen anything more beautiful in its own way than the view which unfolded itself around him as he was conducted towards his destination. Beauty of scenery, like all other kinds of beauty, is more or less a matter of taste. "Shrubs and lowly tamarisks please not all," as the Latin grammar taught us long ago. In the last century the Alps were more shuddered at than admired; and there are people who find the north coast of Cornwall too wild and forbidding. But these, perhaps, have not had the advantage of studying it in fair weather. When the south wind blows softly, and the slowly heaving ocean is calm; when the flocks of sea-birds that congregate upon the rocks and the dark cliffs can sun themselves in peace; when the gorse and the heather have spread a mantle of purple and gold over the moors; and when the moisture that is always in the air lends a blue softness to all distant outlines, a man need not be so fortunate as to be in love in order to feel the peculiar charm of the region. Trees, it must be owned, are not numerous, and such as there are have been blown out of all symmetry by the furious winter gales; but in sheltered places vegetation is rich, and every whitewashed cottage has its fuchsia-trees and its giant scarlet geraniums.

Cardrew, which stands on the hillside, facing a point or two south of west, was built at a time when architects thought less of shelter from prevailing winds than of solidity of construction; but something has been done in the way of high stone walls and belts of hardy shrubs to protect the garden; so that Vidal was able conscientiously to compliment his host upon the brilliant flower-beds through which he made his way towards the lawn, where four youths in white flannels were playing tennis.

Mrs. Irvine hurried forward to welcome the stranger and to relieve her husband, who promptly disappeared. "How glad I am to see you! I told Clare she ought to have brought you back to dinner last night, but she said she was sure you wouldn't have come without dressing—quite unnecessary! Please understand, once for all, that we are not going to send you formal invitations. You are to come here whenever you like, and dress exactly as you please. What is the use of living in an out-of-the-way place if one can't dispense with formality? Now I must introduce my boys to you. This is Jack, my eldest son, who is still at college. Charley I think I told you about: he is to be a soldier, I hope. Bob is in the Navy; and the one who is trying to get behind the rhododendrons is Dick, who hasn't left school yet. Dick is shy—the only member of our family who was ever known to suffer in that way. Come out, Dick, and shake hands with Mr. Vidal. There are two others, Tommy and Billy, somewhere!"

"In the yard, helping Jonas to cart muck," interpolated the timid Dick, in a deep bass voice.

"You don't mean to say so! Then I trust they will stay where they are; for I know that nothing will induce them to wash their hands before luncheon. Now, boys, go on with your game; I am sure Mr. Vidal will excuse you."

Mr. Vidal would-most willingly have excused the absence of every man, woman, and child in the house, except one; but

he did not belong to that disagreeable class of lovers who show the depth of their affection for a single individual by assuming a savage demeanour towards all others, and he soon made friends with the rising generation of Irvines, whom he found to be very pleasant young fellows.

They came and sat down beside him presently, Mrs. Irvine having retired into the house, and put themselves and their resources at his disposition as cordially as their parents had done. Did he care about potting rabbits?—and had he brought his gun with him? If not, he could use Jack's whenever he liked, because Jack put on such a lot of side now that he wouldn't condescend to that humble form of sport. If sea-fishing was at all in his line, he could have abundance of that any day. Or, as he had not been in Cornwall before, perhaps he would like to visit some of the lions of the neighbourhood.

"I'll tell you what," cried Bob, excitedly; "I'll drive you over to Tintagel one day in the dog-cart. You ought to see Tintagel, you know, and I can take you by some short cuts that save miles."

"I should rather think he would!" said Jack. "He'd take you over a stone wall or two, most likely, because the horse would be sure to run away with him, and he'd never find it out till he tried to pull up. Don't you let Bob entice you into getting into a wheeled vehicle beside him. He tries it on with every stranger who comes here, because he knows very well that none of us are going to risk our lives for his amusement. Only the other day, in a moment of weakness, I allowed him to take the reins, and he wouldn't give them up again at any price. I don't think I ever was in such a funk in all my life. First we cannoned against a farmer's gig and smashed his shaft; then we ran over a pig!"

"We did no such thing," interrupted Bob, angrily. "We only just grazed the pig, and we should have cleared the other craft, right enough, if she had answered her helm properly. You fellows think nobody, except yourselves, can do the simplest thing."

"No, no, Bob," said his elder brother; "we have implicit confidence in you when you are upon your proper element; but on dry land we prefer to take care of our own necks, and if Mr. Vidal will be advised by me, he won't let you try experiments upon him. Anyhow, I can promise you one thing: you won't drive my mare any more."

"I don't see much fun in driving about the country this hot weather," remarked Charley. "Much better stop at home and play lawn-tennis."

The guest seemed disposed to concur in this view. "Does your sister ever play?" he asked, carelessly; to which Jack replied, "Oh yes, sometimes—when there's another girl here. But women rather spoil the game, don't you think so?"

After a time, Heriot strolled across the grass, with a straw hat on the back of his head and a newspaper under his arm; and Vidal felt himself colouring guiltily as his friend approached. But Heriot's face did not express disapprobation. All he said, on joining the group, was, "Well, Adrian; so you've found your way to Cornwall;" after which he remarked that it must be getting near luncheon-time.

By-and-by the young men went indoors to change their flannels; so that Vidal had an opportunity of saying, penitently, "I couldn't help it, old man—I really couldn't!"

Heriot made no reply; but after a moment he astonished his companion a good deal by exclaiming, abruptly: "I wish I were in your shoes!"

"Wish you were in my shoes!" echoed Vidal. "Why, in the name of all that's unreasonable, should you wish that? If ever there was a miserable man upon the face of the earth!"

"Quite so; but then misery such as yours is worth more than all the contentment that ever I have got out of life, or shall get. Go on!—enjoy yourself—make the most of your time. And when the day of tribulation arrives, come to me and we will mingle our tears. I'm not going to trouble you with any more sage precepts: events must take their course now. You had it open to you to choose whether you would come here or stay away, and you have chosen. Far be it from me to suggest unavailing regrets!"

Vidal glanced at the speaker with a mixture of vexation and amusement. "I can't quite make out whether you blame me or not, Heriot," he said.

"Neither can I," answered Heriot. "Suppose we go in."

Clare only made her appearance when the rest of the party were entering the dining-room. She took a place on the opposite side of the table to Vidal, and although she spoke to him several times, and was as friendly as everybody else, he could not help noticing that she avoided meeting his eyes. "She knows that I love her," thought the young man, with an inward exultation which he did not attempt to repress; "and that is all that I ever dared to hope for. She doesn't care for me—I can see that—and I'm glad she doesn't. Am I glad? Well, no—hardly. And yet I believe old Heriot is right, and pain such as this is better than years of bovine contentment. I wouldn't have it otherwise, if I could. Perhaps I could, if I would; for love begets love, they say. But I won't! I'll keep out of her way; I won't even speak to her, if I can help it; and if I find myself giving way ever so little, I'll be off the next morning!"

While these and other thoughts were passing through his mind, he was conversing cheerily with his entertainers, supported, like the Spartan youth with the fox gnawing him under his garment, by conscious heroism. Probably, other persons in the same room had an equal title to self-approval, from Mr. Irvine, who had Jack's bills to pay, down to Tommy and Billy, who were seldom free from the dread that one of their many delinquencies was on the point of discovery; for in the tragic comedy of life every man and woman has a part to play, and those who act best are deservedly the most liked. But the generality of us wear a mask simply because we must, and cannot, therefore, claim all the credit that belonged to this voluntary victim.

CHAPTER IX.

THE REWARD OF SELF-DENIAL.

During the month of August, with which the present history has to do, two phenomena occurred in the neighbourhood of Polruth. In the first place, no rain fell, except in the shape of an occasional shower, for three consecutive weeks. This, astonishing as it was, was merely a local and meteorological phenomenon: the second, though less remarked, was certainly more remarkable; being, indeed, nothing less than a phenomenon in the working of human nature. For it is a positive fact that, throughout the whole of the above-mentioned time, Vidal saw Miss Irvine every day, and never, by word, deed, or sign, attempted to make love to her. He sought the society of her brothers, who swore by him when they discovered that he knew how to use the graceful limbs with which Nature had provided him, and was a better swimmer and lawn-tennis player than any of them. Mr. Irvine found in him a patient admirer of ancient coins and mediæval art; while Mrs. Irvine, who had liked him from the first, took him up with the ardour which she had ever at the disposal of a fresh protégé, and introduced him to all her neighbours, with whispered assurances that he was a young man of extraordinary talent—the coming

novelist of the day. But to Clare he was just civil, and no more. If he saw her—as he often did—walking past his lodgings towards her favourite headland, he watched her from the window until she was out of sight, and then went resolutely back to his writing. At Cardrew he avoided every possibility of being left alone with her, and more than once declined to join a riding party because he foresaw the dangers to which that form of exercise might so easily give rise.

All this self-repression was not accomplished without pain, insomnia, and loss of appetite. If it was absurd—if it was illogical—if it was calculated to produce exactly the opposite effect to that intended, it was nevertheless a victory in its way, and a victory of a kind which is not very often won. For that much Vidal may be allowed to have credit; and in truth he was disposed to take a good deal of credit to himself at this time. He was quite astonished when Heriot said to him, one day: "Merely as a matter of curiosity, I should like very much to know whether you are playing a deep and skilful game, or whether you really have the simplicity to imagine yourself a martyr."

He stared for a moment, and then answered quietly: "That is a hard speech to make about any man, Heriot. I understand what you mean; but I don't know that I have ever given you the right to suspect me of being such a miserable humbug."

Heriot flushed slightly. He was conscious that his irritation had led him into saying more than he ought to have done, and he apologised. "But I can't help thinking it a pity that you should have taken up this particular line of conduct," he added. "It would have been so simple to go away."

"I would have gone away if it had been necessary," Vidal said; "but it is not necessary. I saw plainly enough, the first day, that she didn't care a rush for me. Yes; I know—I remember what you said at Lucerne. It is just possible that she might have come to care for me in the long run, if I had tried to make her. Well; I haven't tried."

"Oh, but, my dear fellow, the passive way of trying is so much worse than the active!" returned Heriot, half laughing.

The young man turned away with a gesture of impatience. "I wish to Heaven you would let me alone!" he exclaimed. "You said you wouldn't lecture me any more. The long and the short of it is that I can't go away yet. You think she may be piqued into loving me because I draw back from her; but you don't understand. I believe she is perfectly well aware of how things are with me. She doesn't care. You can see for yourself that her spirits haven't suffered."

Now, it was precisely because he thought that her spirits had suffered that Heriot had allowed himself to be provoked into breaking his self-imposed silence; but, not choosing to say this, he shrugged his shoulders and walked away.

This colloquy had taken place in the garden at Cardrew; and after his friend had left him, Vidal sat down upon a bench and thought. Hitherto he had tried to steer a course midway between duty and inclination, and, oddly enough, had succeeded after a fashion; but now he began to see that success of that kind could not be permanent. He was young; he was suffering from the torments of unrequited love; he felt the imperious craving for happiness natural to one of his years, and his sanguine nature was for ever whispering to him that happiness was not unattainable. He had a struggle which lasted for five minutes, and left him somewhat pale. Then—"I'll go," he said, softly, and rising up, walked towards the house.

His intention was to burn his ships by giving out forthwith that he was obliged to leave Polruth on the morrow; but when he entered the hall, he found everybody too busy to listen to him. For it had been arranged that a long-deferred visit to Tintagel should take place that day, and just now luncheon-baskets were being packed, and details discussed amidst the clamour which accompanied all movements of the Irvine family. Vidal listlessly looked on their preparations from the background. Clare, looking cool and fresh in a pale-blue print dress, was moving about among her brothers, lending a helping hand here and there, and did not seem to have noticed his arrival. An unreasonable anger took possession of the young man as he watched her. Was she so pitiless, then? Didn't she see how he suffered? Knowing that he loved her, was it nothing to her whether he declared his love or not? There was a good deal of the spoilt child in his composition, and he thought, "Well, perhaps when I am gone she will be sorry—at least, for a time."

Presently the carriages came round to the door, and a dispute arose as to the distribution of the party, from which also Vidal held aloof. Let them settle it among themselves, and put him where they pleased! Upon the whole, he would rather prefer not to be in the same carriage as Miss Irvine. Nevertheless, he was not very sorry when Mr. and Mrs. Irvine, Heriot, and Charley got into the landau and were driven away, followed by a small waggonette containing the younger boys and the luncheon. The only remaining vehicle belonging to the establishment was, as he knew, Jack's dog-cart, which it was evident that Clare, Bob, and himself were to share with its owner.

"I hope you don't mind the back seat, Vidal," said the latter. "Of course, you are very welcome to drive, though, if you'd rather."

"Thanks," answered Vidal, laughing, "but I have made it a rule through life never to drive another man's horses in his presence, and the back seat will do me very well." He was foolish enough to feel a thrill of pleasure at the prospect of passing his last few hours of comparative happiness in such close proximity to the object of his hopeless passion.

The dog-cart was some time in making its appearance, and Jack began at length to grow fidgety. "Bob said he would put the mare in," he remarked; "but I don't believe he has the slightest idea of how to set about it; and there's nobody to help him. Perhaps I had better go and see what he is doing."

However, at this moment Bob, beaming with satisfaction and flourishing his whip, pulled up at the door with a dash. "Now, you needn't look at the gear in that suspicious way," he said, "because it's all right. Do you suppose I never harnessed a horse before in my life?"

"Well, you've done better than I expected," Jack confessed, after making a few alterations and helping his sister into her place. "Now then, Bob, give me the reins and jump down."

"Jump down, indeed!" returned Bob, loftily. "Not exactly! No, my dear boy, you jump up. You are going to have the honour and pleasure of being piloted by me to-day."

"Nonsense, Bob! don't play the fool," said Jack, with some impatience. "We've got a long drive before us, and I don't want to waste time. Come!—hand over the reins."

"Beati possidentes," replied the other, placidly, without moving. "You won't turn me out without a fight for it, I can tell you."

A fight would undoubtedly have ensued then and there if Clare had not intervened. "Let him drive for once, Jack," she pleaded. "He won't be with us much longer, you know, and he will promise to very careful, won't you, Bob?"

"I am always careful," Bob affirmed; "but to-day I shall surpass myself. And look here, Jack; if I damage the beast

I'll buy you another as soon as ever I can save up enough money. There! I can't say fairer than that."

"And how about our funeral expenses?" inquired Jack. But as he was a very good-natured young man, he made no further objections, and scrambled up beside Vidal, to whom he remarked, with a sigh, "If I had only foreseen this, I should have insisted upon your driving. But it is just wildly possible that we may pull through without a smash."

This was very consolatory. Vidal, remembering that a life far more precious than his own was being placed in jeopardy, inwardly commended the adventurous Bob to the devil; but it was hardly his part to enter a demurrer, so he smiled, and held his peace.

They were driven at a quiet pace down the park; though, on turning out of the gates, the trap gave a lurch which caused Jack to draw in his breath sharply. "For the love of Heaven, man," he exclaimed, "don't take your corners like that! Try to recollect that we're on two wheels, not four."

"You're only fit to be trundled about upon one," retorted the other. "A wheelbarrow is the conveyance for you. Never saw such a nervous chap as you are in my life."

And with that he gave the mare a cut with the whip which made her throw herself into her collar and accomplish the next quarter of a mile at a speed that called forth some subdued remonstrance from Clare. Then, more by good luck than good guidance, they passed a couple of carts without a collision, and turned off the high-road into a narrow lane.

"Now," said Bob exultantly, "I'll show you the short cuts."

Jack groaned. "It's no use protesting," he said to Vidal. "Sit tight, and let us pray that we may be upset in a soft place."

"Or that we may not be upset at all," suggested Vidal. "Oh, that's past praying for. And by George! here's a flock of sheep. Now he'll run us up that bank—I know he will!"

The prophecy was hardly uttered before it was fulfilled. The dog-cart swayed, balanced itself for a moment on the off wheel, and then turned over with a crash, sending its occupants flying into the opposite ditch. Fortunately, the fall was so gradual that nothing about them suffered, except their clothes and their dignity. Vidal, after standing on his head for a minute, struggled into an attitude more convenient for making observations, and found that his companions were already erect. Clare was replacing her hat, which had fallen off; the two young men were standing over the ruins of the cart; and up a distant hill the mare, who had kicked herself free, could be seen galloping, with the broken shafts dangling at her sides.

"This," remarked Jack, sadly, "comes of letting a sailor drive."

Bob tilted his hat over his eyes, scratched his head, and looked crestfallen. "I'm awfully sorry," he said; "but it was the sort of thing that might have happened to anybody. I don't suppose I should have done it if you hadn't flurried me so; but I saw we were going to foul the bank, and I believe I made a mistake and took a haul at the port rein instead of the starboard. I'll pay for the damage," he added, ruefully.

"Wait till you know what it is," returned Jack. "I shouldn't wonder if the mare were to kill herself."

Happily, however, this apprehension proved to be unfounded; for Bob had not yet started in pursuit when a labourer appeared leading the runaway animal. He had caught her, as he affirmed, at the risk of his life, and demanded adequate remuneration.

"And now," said Jack, when this business-like person had been dismissed, "the question is, what are we to do?"

"I know what I am going to do," answered Clare, laughing; "I am going to make the best of my way home."

"But we must manage to let the others know what has become of us somehow, or they'll think we've broken our necks. Bob, the least you can do is to follow them and tell them of your success. I suppose you can hire a trap of some kind in Polruth—and somebody to drive it for you. What will you do, Vidal? It's a pity you should miss seeing Tintagel."

But Vidal answered, with perfect truth, that he didn't care very much about Tintagel, and Bob scouted the idea of returning to Polruth and searching about for a conveyance. "I'll foot it," he said. "I can cut across country, and I shall catch them up before they have done half the distance."

And without more ado he set off at a slinging trot, being perhaps not unwilling to testify in some measure to his penitence.

(To be continued.)

The Earl of Zetland has returned 20 per cent of their last half-year's rent to his Yorkshire tenants; and Mr. Wharton has remitted 50 per cent of their rentals to the farmers on the Skelton-in-Cleveland estates.

Notwithstanding that thousands of men engaged in the shipbuilding trades on the Clyde are idle, an offer made last week, on behalf of Messrs. Elder and Co., to build a vessel of 5000 tons on the same rate of wages as was paid in 1879 was rejected by the Trades Union by a majority of 209 to 15.

Lord Ashley took the chair at a meeting of the Cabdrivers' Benevolent Association, at St. Andrew's Hall, Newman-street, on Friday evening, the 30th inst. Seven aged cabmen were elected to pensions of £20 a year each.—Mr. W. G. Spicer (Messrs. Spicer Brothers) will preside at the annual general meeting of the News-vendors' Benevolent and Provident Institution, to be held at the offices of the society on Feb. 10.—Sir Farrer Herschell, Q.C., M.P., has consented to preside at the annual dinner on behalf of the Asylum for Idiots, at the Albion Tavern, on March 3.—The Duke of Portland has consented to preside at the anniversary festival, May 15 next, in aid of the building fund of the City Orthopaedic Hospital, Hatton-garden.

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CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department of the Paper should be addressed to the Editor, and have the word "Chess" written on the envelope.

E J W (Croydon).—A clever problem, and very acceptable.
M (Hampton Court).—You have overlooked that, after the moves 1. B to K 4th, Kt to R 6th; 2. Kt to Kt 3rd (ch), 3. P to Q 3rd (ch), Black can capture the White Bishop with his King, and so escape the mate on the third move. Try it again.
T (Kingston-on-Thames).—A curious, but, as you say, not as good as the original.
R M (Liverpool).—You are right in your surmise. The colours indicated at the head and foot of the diagram should be reversed. The position then illustrates a well-known principle that the Knight cannot "gain a move."
W B (Stratford).—We must ask you to send an amended diagram.
W A (Old Romney).—Zlatu-Fraher is an illustrated paper, not a slip. We send you *Gazetta del Popolo*.
POLYANTHUS (Liverpool).—Solutions are occasionally forwarded by telegram, but usually through the post. Frederick the Great employed special couriers for such a purpose, but it is not recorded that anyone else ever did so. To be sure, there was no penny post in his time.
J S L (Blackburn, Natal).—The slip has come to hand. Thanks.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF THE CHRISTMAS CHESS NUTS have been received as follows:—VIE, of L'HERMET'S PROBLEMS from W Kieser and Rev. John Wills (Barnstable, U.S.A.); of McARTHUR'S PROBLEM from J R (Edinburgh); of SHINKMAN'S PROBLEM from New Forest and J R (Edinburgh); of JESPERSEN'S SET-MATE from Jumbo; of Nos. 218, 219, 220 from J S Logan (Blackburn, Natal); of No. 227 from Alpha, Emile Fran, C Belton (Tillic), and F E Gibbins (Tillic); of No. 228 from P, of No. 229 from J R (Edinburgh), W J Knight, Alpha, B H C (Salisbury), W F R (Swansea), H C (Harlesden), Carl Stepan, S T Owen, D W (Aberdeenshire), and Emile Fran; of JESPERSEN'S PROBLEMS from R H Brooks, G Darragh, T G (Ware), M O'Halloran, Dominican, J R (Edinburgh), P W Ben Nevis, L Falcon (Antwerp), Hereford, Carl Stepan, C W Milson, Emile (Darlington), R Worters (Canterbury), and F and G Howitt (Norwich).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2130 received from R H Brooks, C Darragh, B L Dyke, An Old Hand, S Lowndes, T G (Ware), C Oswald, L Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, M O'Halloran, Dominican, W J Rudman, E R H, Alpha, L E G B, F F Pott, A L Ory, Shadforth, J R (Edinburgh), E Elsbury, R Ingersoll, J T W, Ross, Ben Nevis, D W Kell, L Falcon (Antwerp), R Gray, Hereford, L L Greenaway, R L Southwell, A Wigmore, James Pilkington, G S Oldfield, W Dewae, A C Hunt, W Hillier, A W Scrutton, C W Milson, W Biddle, G A Walker, C B N (H.M.S. Asla), Jupiter Junior, J G Anstee, I Wyman, J Hall, H Wardell, G W Law, R J Vine, Rev. W Anderson (Old Romney), Jumbo, D McCoy, Carl Stepan, R B (Chatteris), R H C (Salisbury), E Casella (Paris), A Karberg (Hamburg), A M Colborne, Emile (Darlington), R Worters (Canterbury), E Loudon, T S (Brighton), H Lucas, F Ferris, and F and G Howitt (Norwich).

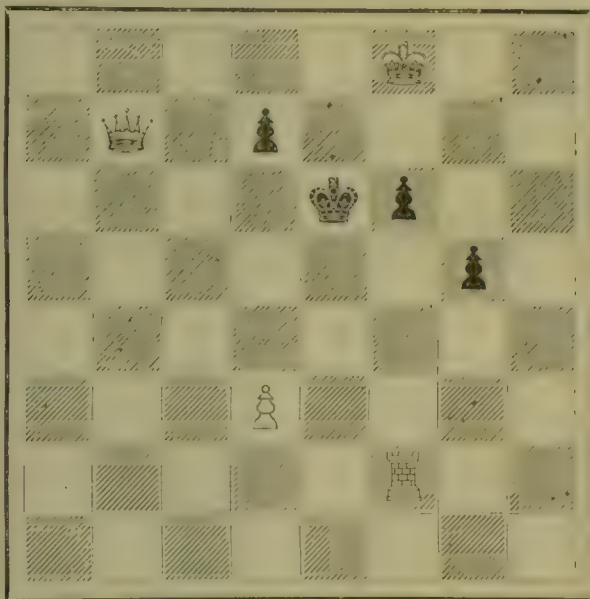
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2128.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt to Q B 5th K takes Kt
2. B to B 8th (ch) K moves
3. Mates accordingly.
The variations present no difficulty.

PROBLEM No. 2132.

By OTTO MEISLING (Copenhagen).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

As promi ed last week, we appnd the individual scores of the competitors in the great match between the St. George's and the City of London chess clubs. As most of our readers are aware, this was a return-match, the first having been played in the spring of 1881, when thirty-two players appeared in the lists, and the West-End club won with a score of twelve games to nine. In the return match some slight alterations in the conditions were agreed to. Honorary members of both clubs were debarred from taking part in the matches, and each pair of competitors were restricted to one game, instead of the "go-as-you-please" terms of the first. As we announced last week, the return-contest resulted in a victory for the City with a score of twelve points to eight. The following are the players and their respective scores, drawn games counting half a point to each side:—

ST. GEORGE'S.		CITY OF LONDON.	
Rev. W. Wayte	...	Mr. Potter	...
Dr. Ballard	...	Mr. Gunsberg	...
Rev. A. Skipworth	...	Mr. Block	...
Rev. C. E. Ranken	...	Mr. Lord	...
Mr. Lewis	...	Mr. Heppell	...
Mr. Minchin	...	Mr. Vyse	...
Hon. C. Plunkett	...	Mr. Hooke	...
Mr. Gattie	...	Mr. Frankenstein	...
Mr. Salter	...	Rev. S. Earnshaw	...
Mr. Puller	...	Mr. Cowen	...
Mr. Wyvill	...	Mr. Anger	...
Mr. Warner	...	Mr. Hirsch	...
Mr. Ball	...	Mr. Stevens	...
Mr. Gover	...	Mr. Laws	...
Colonel Duncan	...	Mr. Wilson	...
Colonel Minchin	...	Mr. Chappell	...
Rev. L. Lewis	...	Mr. Bussey	...
Mr. Barroughs	...	Mr. Leonard	...
Mr. Marett	...	Mr. Watts	...
Mr. Heathcote	...	Mr. Taylor	...
8		12	

The following is one of the Games played on the above occasion between Mr. WARNER, of the St. George's Club, and Mr. HIRSCH, of the City Club.

(English Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)	WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to K 4th	14. B to B 2nd	
2. P to K 3rd	P to Q 4th		White loses time here, and lets the adverse Kt get to K B 5th without opposition.
3. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	15. P takes Kt	Kt takes Kt
4. P to Q Kt 3rd	P to Q 4th	16. P to B 3rd	Kt to B 5th
5. B to Kt 2nd	P to Q B 3rd	17. K to R 3rd	B to B 4th (ch)
6. P to Q 4th	P to Kt 3rd		Q to Kt 4th
7. P to Q R 3rd	B to Kt 2nd		Black has now the attack, and conducts it smartly.
8. B to Q 2nd	B to K 2nd	18. P to Kt 3rd	Kt to R 6th
9. Castles	Castles	19. Q to K 2nd	Q to R 4th
10. Q Kt to Q 2nd	R to Q B sq	20. P to Q Kt 4th	Kt to Kt 4th
11. Kt to K 5th		21. P to K Kt 4th	Q takes P
	A premature advance. 11. R to Q B sq seems preferable.	22. B to K 4th	Kt takes Q, and White resigned.
12. Q Kt takes P	P takes P		
13. P takes P	Kt to Q 4th		

A meeting of the members of the British Chess Association was held at Simpson's Divan on Tuesday, the 20th inst., the Right Honourable Sir Robert Peel, M.P., presiding on the occasion. A draught constitution prepared by the council of the association was submitted to the members, and was agreed to, with a modification of the rule regulating the amount of subscriptions to be paid by the federated clubs. A draught programme of the future work of the association, prepared by Mr. Thomas Hewitt, was also agreed to, and the elected council as already constituted was confirmed. Mr. H. B. Bird was elected auditor. A vote of thanks to the chairman, proposed by Mr. F. H. Lewis, seconded by Mr. Cubison, and received with acclamation by the members, brought the proceedings to a conclusion.

We found the following problem, by Herr Johann Berger, of Gratz, rather difficult, and shall be glad to hear what our readers think of it:—

White: K at K B 8th, Q at K 7th, Kt at K 5th, B at Q 5th; Pawns at K B 2nd, K 4th, and Q Kt 2nd. (Seven pieces.)
Black: K at Q 5th; Pawns at Q B 2nd, Q Kt 3rd, 5th, and 6th. (Five pieces.)

White to play, and mate in three moves.



AN AVALANCHE IN NORTHERN ITALY.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

CONCLUDING NOTICE.

It only remains to say a few words on the men portraits to which allusion has not yet been made. Foremost amongst these must be placed "Colonel St. Leger" (23), in scarlet coat and white pantaloons, leaning against his charger. In every respect the work is noteworthy; for although it is to be found at Hampton Court, it is so hung that it is impossible to realise its excellence. It may be that its being "gibbeted" there is intended as a punishment inflicted upon Colonel St. Leger, whose influence upon society and the Royal family was most baneful. In this portrait, which was painted in 1782, he is represented as a young man almost the same age as the Prince of Wales (then just twenty-one years old), and it is therefore difficult to identify him with his namesake the President or founder of the Hell-Fire Club, and those of the party who entertained the beautiful Miss Gummings at their famous introduction to London life, in 1751. As a matter of fact, the Colonel St. Leger who is here represented was not born until after that event, and was only about five years older than the Prince of Wales. The notice, therefore, in the catalogue, in which Horace Walpole, Peter Pindar, and the headless coachman are mixed up, is an extraordinary jumble of stories and myths relating to two totally different people. This portrait was painted as a companion to one of the Prince of Wales, which in 1815 was in the possession of Lord Dundas, and now belongs to Baron Ferdinand De Rothschild. Another portrait, about which there seems scarcely less confusion, is that of "John Skinner, Student of Christ Church" (191), represented in his robes as Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer. There is no dispute that Gainsborough did paint for an Irish brother-Judge, Francis Burton, a portrait of his friend Skynner; but this picture Burton, when he became blind, gave to the Society of Lincoln's Inn, of which he was a Benchler, and it certainly was hanging in their hall a few years ago. The present work is lent by Christ Church, Oxford, of which house Skynner is said to have been a student. This may be so, although the fact has escaped the notice of his previous biographers, who represent him to have belonged to a poor family in Oxfordshire, and that by his own exertions he made his way in his profession. Amongst the other lawyers whose portraits by Gainsborough are to be found in the present exhibition is that of "Lord Camden" (60), in his snuff-coloured daily dress, indicating that it was taken after he had quitted office (1770), for having given such offence to the Court on the subject of Wilkes' election for Middlesex. Of portraits of statesmen, there are no less than four of William Pitt: one, a small oval, lent by Mr. Wells (13), probably that from which Sherwin engraved his plate; another lent by the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn (70), representing him leaning against the back of a chair; a small work lent by Lord Amherst (213); and, lastly, the very admirable half-length portrait now in the possession of Earl Stanhope (170), the original of the more familiar prints and engravings. Of the third Earl Stanhope, Pitt's brother-in-law, there is also a portrait (80), painted quite towards the close of Gainsborough's life. In the portrait of "Philip Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield" (84), he is represented in plain morning dress and buff waistcoat, with ribbon of the Garter across his chest, one hand leaning on Cicero's "De Senectute," as if on its lessons rather than on his son's success in the world, all his thoughts were concentrated. Posterity knows Lord Chesterfield better through Hoare's portrait now at the National Portrait Gallery, but there can be little dispute that Gainsborough gives us the nobler side of his character. Of Fox the only relic is a curious picture filled with figures, entitled "Fox Addressing the House of Commons During Lord North's Ministry" (201). When, and under what circumstances, this picture, so unique amongst all the varied productions of Gainsborough's brush, was painted, it would be interesting to learn. It was never exhibited amongst his works at the Royal Academy during his lifetime, nor was it amongst those shown at Schomberg House after his death—but this does not, of course, exhaust all the possibilities of its authenticity; and General Alexander, the present owner, would be conferring a favour upon the students of Gainsborough if he would throw some light upon the past history of the picture. The only portrait of Canning (100) was taken when the future statesman had just left Eton. He is represented in a blue fancy dress, with rich dark hair falling over his shoulders—a weak, but good-natured face, suggestive rather of the top than the statesman.

Of members of the aristocracy there was no lack in Gainsborough's studio in Bath, even before Royalty patronised him; but no sooner had he settled himself in Pall-mall (1774) than we find the King sending for him; and in the course of the next few years not less than eight different portraits of George III. and Queen Charlotte were painted by him, as well as three of the Prince of Wales, and at least a dozen of the other Royal children. There is considerable interest attaching to the portrait of "Lord Nugent" (204), on the staircase, as being in all probability the first of Gainsborough's pictures exhibited to the public (1761). It was sent to the Society of Artists, which in those days held their exhibition in Spring-gardens, and was probably one of the first causes of bringing Gainsborough in contact with Mr. Wiltshire, the Bath and London carrier, who showed himself a warm friend of the artist. "John, Viscount Kilmorey" (30) is a typical self-willed old landowner; "Mr. Wm. Poyntz" (55), though not a member of the aristocracy by birth, became so by the marriage of his sister to "John, first Earl Spencer" (16); but his portrait here, one of Gainsborough's earliest works, gives him more the appearance of a gamekeeper than of a county magnate. In addition to these should be noticed "Sir Francis Basset," afterwards "Lord De Dunstanville," who is made the subject of a series of genealogical blunders (56 and 155), "Lord Mulgrave" (181), "Lord Cathcart" (99), and "Edward Clive, Earl of Powis" (50), as a boy, painted in imitation of Velasquez.

To the middle class Gainsborough was indebted for some admirable subjects—notably "Thomas Pennant" (101), the naturalist; "The Rev. James Illegston" (94), a clergyman near Southwold, who helped and encouraged him before he decided to embark upon life as a painter; and "John Ayton" (199), one of many who in his day bore the name of "Handsome Jack." Allusion has already been made in a previous notice to the admirable portrait of "Parson Bate" (171), and we only return to it in order to correct the statement, to which the catalogue gives support, that he was the originator of the *Morning Post*. That journal, established in 1772 by Mr. John Bell, had already been in existence three years when Mr. Henry Bate joined it; and he remained connected with it until 1780, when he quarrelled with his colleagues. The *Morning Post* some time afterwards became the property of Mr. Tattersall, who, however, sold it in 1775 to Mr. Christie, the auctioneer, of whom Gainsborough's excellent portrait (67) is in the adjoining room. At that time the circulation of the *Morning Post* was only 350 copies daily; and Mr. Tattersall sold the entire copyright, house, and printing materials for £600.

But it was with artists, after all, that Gainsborough was in fullest sympathy; and in painting their portraits he threw his whole soul into his work. "Tenducci" (29), the tenor singer,

with parted lips, as if giving out a high note, is not less happily rendered than "Vestris" (11), the "divine dancer," on account of whose benefit the House of Commons postponed the discussion on Burke's Reform Bill, on which Pitt subsequently made his maiden speech. "Felice De Giardini" (156), who gained considerable reputation as a violinist, and lost it as manager of the Italian Opera in this country, was among Gainsborough's favourite associates, though hardly on such intimate terms as "Karl Abel" (46), the player on the viol-di-gamba and chamber musician to Queen Charlotte. The contrast between the two faces—the Italian's keen and mobile, the German's strong but sensitive—is very striking; and it is not difficult to see that Gainsborough has in both cases endeavoured to bring out the music in each man's mind. On his unworthy son-in-law, Johann Fischer (112), the hautbois player, this double care is still more manifest. This picture was, it is said, the cause of Gainsborough's quarrel with Mr. Philip Thicknesse, his first patron at Bath. Gainsborough's excessive love of music and musical instruments had emboldened him to ask Mrs. Thicknesse for her viol-di-gamba—an instrument made in 1612, and of exquisite tone and beauty; and at length it was arranged that he should paint her portrait in exchange. The next morning the first sitting was given, the head was finished, the dead colouring rubbed in, and the Newfoundland dog at her feet sketched. After a considerable delay, Mrs. Thicknesse called to see how her picture was progressing. Gainsborough invited her up, saying "Madam, I have something to show you." Upon reaching the studio, however, she found it was to see Fischer's portrait "painted in full length, completely finished, in scarlet and gold, like a Colonel of the Foot Guards, and mine standing in its tatter-a-rag condition by the side of it!"

Here we conclude, having, it is hoped, said enough to show that there are interests, historical or social, as well as specially artistic, to be found in nearly every picture of this most representative exhibition of Gainsborough's works, and how completely it bears out Reynolds' verdict on his rival, "How various the man is!"

FRENCH EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ART.

At the Fine-Art Society's Gallery there is on view a small collection of engravings fairly illustrative of French art of the eighteenth century, and rendered doubly interesting by Mr. Wedmore's notes, which precede the catalogue. If we cannot altogether participate in his enthusiasm for the French painters of that period, we are ready to admit to the utmost the excellence of the engravers. The scheme of the exhibition does not include specimens of Morin, Nanteuil, Masson, and the "portraitists" who followed the traditions of the old and more severe teaching of Rigaud; but is limited to the school of Watteau and his imitators, who cared only to render life "pretty and amusing." Amongst these, Laurent Cars, Lebas, Duflos, and Lépicié occupy the first rank. They were ingenious and sympathetic interpreters of the elegant Court life of Versailles and Paris, of which Boucher, Pater, and Lancret were the painters. Opinions may differ as to their place in the history of art; but it must be admitted that they travestied and perverted nature until they only saw her through blue spectacles or as the "setting" of a fairy ballet. Chardin attempted to break away from the insipid accessories of Court life, and to depict more homely scenes, but the artificialness of his efforts are apparent. Nothing, in fact, is more striking in this collection than the absence of anything approaching either humour or pathos. In their place, sentimentalism à la Rousseau, or boudoir intrigue à la Crébillon, are put forward as the highest, or at least as the most desirable adjuncts of life, and prettiness its aim and object. It was no wonder, therefore, that an engraver like Vivares should turn his back upon such a public, and seek in the society of Hogarth and Reynolds subjects worthy of his needle. We have no wish to depreciate the present exhibition, which is excellent in its way, and is, we hope, only the prelude to others more complete; and we believe that through engravings and aquatints the English public will be more easily led to admire the grace and elegance of French eighteenth-century art than by the study of the original pictures.

THE AVALANCHES IN PIEDMONT.

The Subalpine valleys of North-West Italy were visited last week, in many places, by immense falls of accumulated snow from the steep mountain sides, destroying villages and causing much loss of life. Such calamities have often happened in Switzerland and the Tyrol, in Savoy, and in Piedmont; and the scene delineated in our large Engraving does not exaggerate the terrible aspect which they may occasionally present. Huge stones and detached fragments of rock are frequently brought down with the enormous mass of snow, besides quantities of loose earth, shattering as well as covering the houses beneath. On the Piedmontese side of the Alps, especially in the Val di Susa and the Val d'Aosta, west and north of Turin, between the mountain ranges successively marked by Monte Viso, Mont Cenis, the St. Bernard Pass, and Monte Rosa, in the narrow valleys traversed by the upper streams of the Clusone and Dora Riparia, the Stura and the Dora Baltea, which all flow towards the Po, sad havoc is reported from this cause; and likewise in the neighbourhood of Cuneo, some forty miles south of Turin, at the foot of the Maritime Alps. The Val di Susa, that of the Dora Riparia, due west of Turin, is familiar to all travellers by the Mont Cenis Railway; and the Val d'Aosta, opening into the great plain at Ivrea, has been a favourite resort of tourists. The south-western valleys are celebrated in history as the abode of the Protestant Vaudois or Waldenses; and all these provinces are inhabited by a loyal, honest, industrious people, whose sufferings deserve our sympathy on the present occasion. It is officially stated that eighteen lives have been lost in the province of Cuneo and thirty in the province of Ivrea. At Exilles, in the province of Susa, an avalanche swept away sixty-three persons, but twenty of them were rescued alive from beneath the snow. At Frassinio, thirty dead bodies were recovered, but many more persons were missing. One avalanche which crushed a whole family measured over 150,000 cubic metres. Another buried instantaneously twenty-two houses, with their inhabitants. Many entire villages have been destroyed. The troops everywhere are giving admirable service in assisting to disinter those who have been buried by the snow. The Mont Cenis railway traffic was stopped during several days by the avalanches between Bardonecchia and Chiamonte, and most of the dwellings in several townships near Chiamonte and Exilles have been destroyed. The Prefect of Turin has sent troops to the spot to render what aid they can to the stricken population. It is also announced that at Sparone, near Ivrea, fifteen people have perished under an avalanche. At Cuneo it had been snowing steadily there for three days, and the snow was over 6 ft. deep. At the southern opening of the Col di Tende Tunnel two men were killed by an avalanche. The Prime Minister of Italy, Signor Depretis, has announced in the Chamber at Rome the intention of the Government to assist the afflicted localities. The list of disasters occupies columns of the Italian newspapers.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated May 30, 1879), with a codicil (dated Dec. 11 following), of Mr. Thomas Edward Johnston, late of No. 20A, St. James's-place, who died on Nov. 13 last, was proved on the 20th ult. by Major-General John Hall Smyth, R.A., C.B., James Alexander Strachan, and Alfred Trevor Crispin, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £251,000. The testator leaves numerous legacies to nephews, nieces, and other relatives, executors, and others; and the residue of his real and personal estate to his niece Emily Johnston, and his nephew the Rev. Charles Johnston, in equal shares.

The will of Mr. Thomas Cope, J.P., tobacco manufacturer, of Liverpool and London, who died at Huyton, near Liverpool, on Sept. 18 last, was proved in the Liverpool district registry on the 10th inst. by Mrs. Sarah Cope, the widow, John Hignett, and John A. Willox, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £182,000. The testator bequeaths to his brother, George, the testimonial clock of the late Robert Cope; to his sister, Sarah Sharpe, an annuity of £100 for life, and to each of the executors a legacy of £500. To the widow, he bequeaths, absolutely, all household furniture, pictures, horses and carriages at Huyton and elsewhere; and, for life, the dwelling-house at Huyton occupied by the testator, and other leasehold property there; also his share of rent or annual value of the factory premises in Lord Nelson-street, Liverpool, and Aldersgate-street, in the city of London. The executors are empowered to make all such arrangements as they may see fit with reference to the testator's share in the business of Cope Brothers and Co., and to stand possessed of the same in trust for his children in equal shares.

The will (dated Feb. 9, 1880), with two codicils (dated Nov. 22, 1880, and May 14, 1881), of Mr. George Edward Hardman, late of Oak Hill, near Rawtenstall, Lancashire, cotton and woollen manufacturer, who died on Oct. 4 last, at Buxton, was proved on the 24th ult. by George Openshaw, George Whitaker, and George Turner Hardman and James Henry Hardman, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £73,000. The testator bequeaths £20,000, but if the whole of his estate should not amount to £100,000, then only one fifth thereof, upon trust, for his daughter, Mary Ellen, to whom he also makes some specific bequests; and there are legacies to his executors and servants. All his real estate, and the residue of the personalty, he gives to his said two sons.

The will (dated Nov. 14, 1881) of Mr. Charles Allen, formerly of the Hon. East India Company's Service, late of No. 10, Norton Tenby, Pembrokeshire, who died on the 5th ult., was proved on the 24th ult. by Herbert James Allen, Charles Francis Egerton Allen, the Rev. William Osborn Bird Allen, and David Bird Allen, the sons, four of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £48,000. The testator leaves his dwelling-house at Tenby, with the furniture and effects, and the land contiguous thereto, to his eldest son; £3000 to each of his other sons; and legacies to nephews, nieces, servants, and executors. The residue of his property he gives to his six sons, Herbert James, Charles Francis Egerton, William Osborn Bird, David Bird, Jeffrey Julian, and Walter Griffith.

The will of Mrs. Elizabeth Lewis, widow, late of Nightingale Villa, Clevedon, who died on Nov. 2 last, at Malvern, was proved on the 16th ult. last by David Harry, William Daniell, and Humphrey Thomas Martin Crowther Gwyn, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £42,000. The testatrix, after bequeathing annuities to her servants and several legacies to her executors and other persons, bequeaths to the Clevedon Dispensary all her shares and interest in the Clevedon Gas Light Company; and to the Clevedon Cottage Hospital all her shares, stock, and interest in the Clevedon Water Works Company; The residue of her real and personal estate she gives, upon trust, to pay two equal fourth parts of the income to her cousin Anne Mary Harry, one equal fourth part to her cousin Frances Harry, and the remaining one fourth to the said William Daniell and Mary Daniell and Edward Daniell. After the decease of the survivor of them, the said Anne Mary Harry, and Frances Harry, the whole of her trust estate is to be equally divided between her cousins Herbert James Daniell, the said William Daniell, and Mary Daniell, Hugo Daniell, and the said Edward Daniell.

The will of Lieutenant-Colonel John Joseph Augustine Leonard Creton, late of No. 7, Sydney-place, Onslow-square, who died on Nov. 27 last, was proved on the 24th ult. by Mrs. Emily Creton, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £36,000. The testator gives, devises, and bequeaths all his estate and effects unto his wife, for her own absolute use and benefit.

The will (dated June 17, 1873), with three codicils (dated May 4, 1874; July 14, 1876; and Feb. 24, 1882), of Captain John Halliburton Murray, R.N., formerly of Anfield House, Ardrishaig, in the county of Argyll, N.B., but late of No. 11, Clapton-common, who died on Aug. 5 last, was proved on the 19th ult. by Charles Townshend Ashmore and Miss Frances Mary Ellis, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £25,000. The testator leaves the proceeds of his Scotch property, and the property to which he became entitled in right of his late wife, upon trust, for Mrs. Isabella Katherine Ashmore; and there are bequests to his nephews, Edward Digby Murray and Henry Whalley Murray, and to others. He appoints the said Charles Townshend Ashmore residuary legatee.

The will (dated July 21, 1883), with two codicils (dated Sept. 13 and 16 following), of Mr. Charles Barns Wilkins, J.P., late of No. 20, Royal-crescent, Bath, who died on Nov. 30 last, was proved at the Bristol district registry on the 23rd ult. by Miss Ellen Bisdee Wilkins, the daughter, and Samuel Butler, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £12,000. The testator leaves his High-church estate to his wife, Mrs. Mary Wilkins, for life, and then, upon trust, for the widow and children of his late son, Jacob; the Studley Grange estate, subject to the payment of £50 per annum to his wife, for life, to his said daughter; the Newlands Hall estate upon trust, for his grandson, Walter Hugh Fitzgerald Wilkins; his residence, No. 20, Royal-crescent, with the furniture and effects, to his said daughter; £50 to his wife, and £1000, upon trust, for her, for life; and there are other devises and bequests. The residue of the personalty he bequeaths to his said daughter.

The costume ball of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, which was postponed last year in consequence of the death of his Royal Highness the Duke of Albany, is to be held next May.

The private view of Messrs. Agnew's annual exhibition of water-colour drawings at Old Bond-street Galleries has been fixed for the 14th of next month. In addition to the works of living artists, it will be strong, as usual, in examples of painters of the old school, such as De Wint, David Cox, Prout, and Turner.

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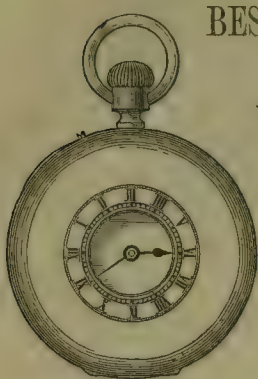
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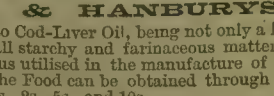
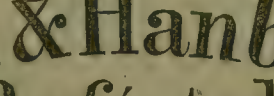
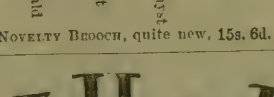
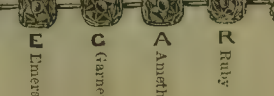
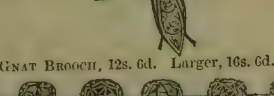
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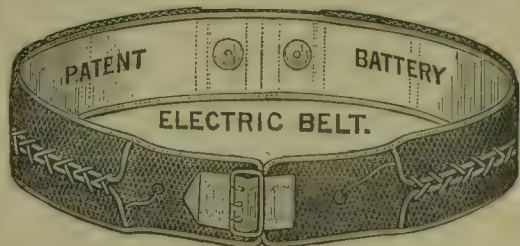
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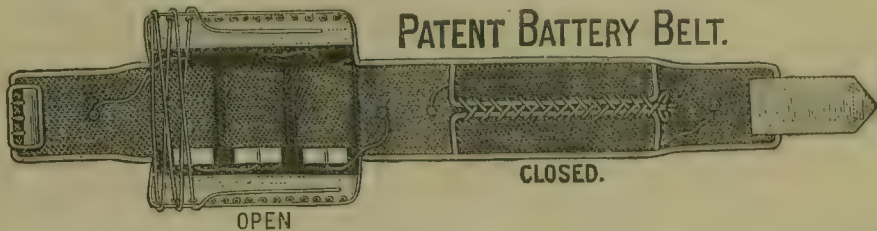
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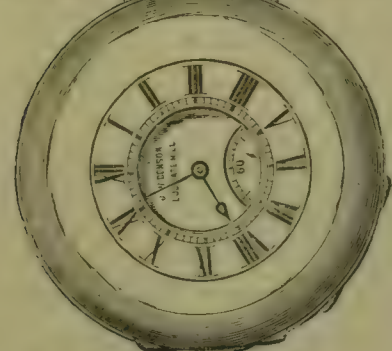
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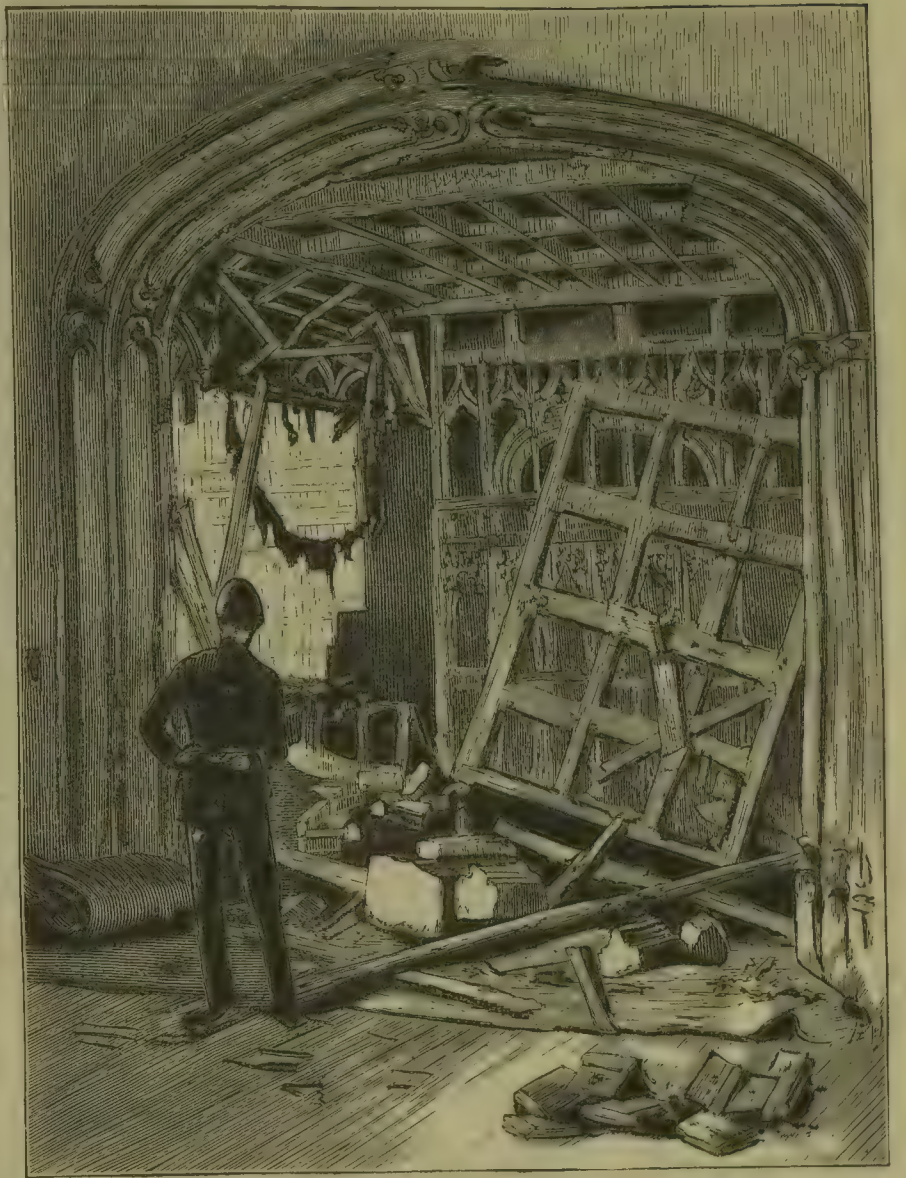
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DIVISION LOBBY OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,
WHERE THE DYNAMITE WAS PLACED.



EFFECTS OF THE EXPLOSION IN THE DIVISION LOBBY, HOUSE OF COMMONS.



THE SPOT IN WESTMINSTER HALL WHERE THE FIRST PARCEL OF DYNAMITE EXPLODED.

DYNAMITE EXPLOSIONS.

THE TOWER AND THE PALACE OF WESTMINSTER.

The infamous gang connected with the remnant of "Irish Invincibles" from America, who trade upon the excitement caused by murderous outrages to obtain subscriptions from their silly dupes through the agency of O'Donovan Rossa and others at New York, have perpetrated further acts of mischief in London. On Saturday afternoon, at two o'clock, they effected an explosion of dynamite on the middle floor of the White Tower, at the Tower of London, where the store of infantry small-arms is kept; and ten minutes later, at the Houses of Parliament, there was an explosion near the steps between Westminster Hall and St. Stephen's Hall, followed in three minutes by another explosion within the House of Commons, below the Peers' Gallery. In both these noble public buildings, at the time chosen for the explosions, there were, as usual on Saturday afternoon, large numbers of visitors, men, ladies, and children, who came to see the interior; and the dastardly scoundrels who ignited blocks of dynamite in these places, at that hour of the day, must have known that there was great probability of their destroying many innocent lives. The guilt of murder is therefore both morally and legally attached to these villainous acts, if any of the persons who are severely injured should unhappily not recover. At the Tower, two young women and two boys were seriously hurt. At Westminster, a police-constable, named Cole, who bravely carried away the first parcel of dynamite to the entrance of St. Stephen's Crypt, another policeman, Cox, and Mr. Green, a civil engineer, whose wife and his sister-in-law, Miss Davies, had a very narrow escape, suffered injuries which may prove to be worse. The amount of damage to the buildings, in each instance, was such as can easily be repaired, being chiefly in the floors, the woodwork, and the fittings, but the repairs will be at a considerable cost. The effects of these explosions, like those at London Bridge, at the Victoria Railway Station, in St. James's-square, and in Scotland-yard, and at the Local Government Office, Westminster, prove that the force of dynamite acts only within a very small space, and that no large and substantial building can possibly be demolished by one or two charges of it placed in casual situations. This experience is more than enough completely to falsify the boastful predictions of the authors of such futile as well as wicked attempts. They remain unable, while due precautions against ordinary incendiarism are maintained, to destroy any important Government buildings or conspicuous public edifices; and they can only intend to create general alarm by the peril to life necessarily attending these explosions among the people thronging places of much resort in London. It is manifestly, therefore, part of their calculations that a number of deaths may be occasioned by these outrages, and they are justly to be regarded as wanton murderers of the vilest class, speculating on wholesale chances of homicide for the sordid gain of a few hundred dollars extracted from the American Irish—from the most ignorant, reckless, and uncivilised class of the United States' population. There is no reason to believe that they obtain any support or sympathy from the people of Ireland, and certainly not from the Irish dwelling in England; they are mere outlaws and enemies of society, whose foul deeds and cowardly plots deserve universal condemnation and the sternest punishment of the criminal law. We present a variety of illustrations of the nefarious attempts made on Saturday, which we proceed to narrate, describing their actual results without further commentary, as they took place first at the Tower, secondly at the Houses of Parliament or Palace of Westminster, including Westminster Hall.

AT THE TOWER OF LONDON.

The White Tower, the most conspicuous feature of the collection of buildings called the Tower of London, rising high above the surrounding structures, with its square bulk of solid masonry and its four angle-turrets visible from the Thames and from many parts of east and south-east London, is a grand specimen of Norman architecture. It was constructed for William Rufus, by Gundulph, Bishop of Rochester, who also built Rochester Castle. This massive quadrangular structure occupies the central part of the Inner Ward. It measures 116 ft. from north to south, and 96 ft. from east to west. The height is 92 ft. It is embattled, and has watch-towers or turrets at each angle. The roof is covered with lead. It consists of three lofty storeys, besides the spacious vaults in the basement floor. The external walls are 15 ft. in thickness. The communication between the storeys is by a spacious staircase in the north-east extremity of the building. The *nevel*, or circular column, around which the stairs wind, is a curious specimen of ancient masonry. There are also staircases in the north-west and south-west angles, the former of which commences only on the first floor. A wall 7 ft. thick, extending north and south, divides the three storeys from the base to the summit of the building. Another wall, extending east and west, subdivides the easternmost of the former divisions into unequal parts; thus forming in each storey one large apartment and two smaller ones. The smallest division on the first floor is now known as "Queen Elizabeth's Armoury." This room has a vaulted roof, exhibiting a highly interesting specimen of early construction. On the north side of the room is a doorway communicating with a cell, 10 ft. long and 8 ft. wide, formed in the thickness of the wall, and receiving no light but from the entrance. Directly over this apartment, occupying the space from the first floor to the roof, is St. John's Chapel, "one of the finest and most perfect specimens of Norman architecture" to be found in this country. It has a semicircular termination at the eastern end, and the twelve massive pillars which divide the nave from the aisles are also arranged in a semicircle at the eastern end. The pillars are united by arches which admit the light into the nave from the windows in the southern aisle. A gallery with arches corresponding to those below is above the pillars. The larger room on the upper floor was used as the Council Chamber when our Kings held their Court in the Tower. It bears the genuine aspect of antiquity, and its massive timber roof and supporters harmonise with the stately style of other parts of the building. Here it was that the Council assembled when Richard, Duke of Gloucester, ordered Lord Hastings to be beheaded. This room is entirely filled with a collection of Oriental arms and armour, arranged as trophies. The Banqueting-Hall, on the middle floor, adjoining St. John's Chapel, is about 90 ft. long and 60 ft. wide; its roof was pierced by two skylights and by a square opening to the floor of the Council Chamber above, which was protected by a brass railing. The whole floor of the Banqueting-Hall was occupied by standards of Martini-Henry rifles and bayonets, with passages between them, and it was here that the dynamite was exploded, at the south end, close to the dark passage leading into St. John's Chapel.

Saturday being a free day for visitors, there was a good number of applicants for admission, estimated by Mr. Bunyard, the chief warder, at between eighty and one hundred.

A party of these, under the charge of the warder-jailer—a sub-officer of that ancient body popularly known as Beef-eaters—was mustered at the Bell Tower, and was conducted in the usual way to the White Tower. St. John's Chapel is so notable a feature of the old fortress that visitors always linger here, while the accompanying guide gives a brief description; and the bulk of the warder's party were in the chapel, or on the steps leading up to it from the outside, when the explosion took place. The number who had passed on into the main room may have been twenty or thirty. It seems probable that the scoundrels who perpetrated the outrage had placed the packet of dynamite behind one of the rifle racks, in a position where, from the obscurity of this part of the building, it would be sure not to attract the attention of any casual passer-by. They must have previously reconnoitred the place and settled their plan, and, this being done, carrying it into execution was a very simple business. They had but to form the rear of one of the parties conducted through the place, and on coming out of St. John's Chapel into the Banqueting-Room furtively to drop the packet of dynamite unobserved, the fuse no doubt being so arranged as to give ample time to the perpetrator to put himself beyond the reach of risk. Then was heard a deafening report, with a flash of fire, followed by a hail of broken glass and a dense dust that hid everything for some time as in a fog. Cries of terror arose from the women and children, mingled with those of pain from some who had been injured by the broken glass, and who naturally thought themselves in much worse plight than happily proved to be the case. The chief warder, Mr. Bunyard, who was at his lodgings by the Bell Tower, heard the report and felt the concussion, and ran at once to the scene of the disaster. The yeoman-warder, who was struck by the flying glass without being wounded, nearly losing his balance from the rush of air, exerted himself to get his party together and out of the building. Women and children had been blown against the walls, some being thrown down, and the former, when they reached the open air, had some work in clearing each other's hair and dresses of fine fragments of glass with which they had been covered. In the confusion two or three children got separated from their parents or friends. A warder, whose duty confined him to St. John's Chapel, was blown off the chair on which he was seated; but he, like his colleague, the other warder, assisted in getting out the throng of frightened people, who were not at all reassured by it being discovered that the explosion had set fire to the flooring on which the dynamite had been placed. The flooring is very thick, a mass of solid timber and planking, and, in the interstices of this, fire had been lodged as the powerful explosive reft its way clean through to the lower story of the building, and a dense smoke both from the upper and lower cavities thus formed showed that a dangerous fire was imminent. It was dealt with, however, promptly and effectively. A battalion of the 2nd Grenadier Guards is stationed in the barracks on the opposite side of the parade-ground, and within a minute of the explosion their bugler sounded the assembly. Officers and men swarmed out on the parade-ground, and were told off to cope with the casualty which had occurred. Three women and a boy who were the worst cut of the dozen or more who were injured were removed to the surgery of the battalion, where their wounds were dressed, and they were placed in safety. The rest of the visitors were handed over to the police stationed within the Tower, by whom they were removed from the Tower-green; their names and addresses were taken, and they were dismissed in batches by the Lion Tower and the Postern Gate to Tower-hill. The Guardsmen were at once formed as a cordon quite round the White Tower, pickets being posted also in the several approaches. A strong force was told off for fire duty, and under the direction of the firemen stationed in the Tower, the manual engines, always in readiness, were got out, and brought to the scene of action and rapidly into work; hose was unrolled, connected with fixed hydrants, and got into both floors of the building, and in a very few minutes good streams of water were being poured into the cavities from which smoke had been rolling out in rapidly-increasing volumes. The promptitude with which these measures were taken in all probability averted the destruction or damage to the 100,000 stand of arms that occupy the two store-rooms. In a little time it became apparent that all fear of a serious fire was at an end, and when in a creditably brief period the first engine of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade galloped on to Tower-green, speedily followed by two more, and by Captain Shaw, all danger was at an end. On examination it was found that the flooring for some distance in the Banqueting-Hall, and the wood lining of the ceiling of the ground floor, were torn into splinters. Rifle racks in the Banqueting-Room were tilted backwards and forwards from the scene of the explosion, and hundreds of the rifles damaged and displaced. In the lower storey, or gun floor, where the effect was very great, racks were smashed, and rifles by hundreds, in all stages of damage, were lying in a heap beneath, saturated with water. Upwards from the Banqueting-Room there were marks of the explosion on the ceiling. The epaulet worn by the Duke of Wellington when Constable of the Tower fell through the hole in the floor, and has since been hung on one of the cords which stretches between two of the arm-racks below. Every window, not only in the Banqueting-Hall and St. John's Chapel, but also in the ground floor and the upper floor or Council Chamber, was more or less wrecked, sash-frames and window curtains being blown across the parade-ground to a building opposite, inhabited by the families of married soldiers, where also some windows were broken.

The persons injured at the Tower were Elizabeth Ballan, twenty years of age, whose face was severely lacerated; Ann Nunn, aged nineteen, much burnt in the face and neck; and two little boys, Herbert George, eleven years old, wounded in the thigh and hands, and Ernest Stratton, about the same age, badly cut on the side of his head.

Colonel Majendie, Inspector of Explosives, made an inspection of the scene, accompanied by Sir F. Abel, Commissary-General Thorne, who has charge of the stores at the Tower, was also present. In the opinion of experts, the quantity of dynamite necessary to produce an explosion of this extent would be four or five pounds, which could be compressed into a space small enough to be carried in a man's hat. It is, however, suspected that the dynamite was conveyed into the Tower concealed in a woman's dress. On Sunday afternoon the Duke of Cambridge, attended by Colonel Lord Algernon Lennox, arrived at the Tower and was conducted through the rooms of the explosion by General Milman, Major of the Tower, the acting officer in charge. The 2nd Grenadiers are on duty there, commanded by Colonel P. Smith, C.B. The total number of arms displaced was found to be 4000 rifles.

Captain Shaw, C.B., in his official report, gives the details as follows:—"Called at 2.5 p.m. to the Tower of London. Name of occupier of premises, business, and name of residence and landlord, Constable and Chief Governor-General Sir Richard James Dacres, G.C.B. Supposed cause of fire, explosion. Where insured, contents and building not. Call, fire alarm and military. How extinguished, military and firemen, with seven private hydrants and three private manuals. Damage - White Tower, south end of first floor (known as

Banqueting-Hall, used as stores for service arms), also second floor (known as Council Chamber, used as stores for ancient arms and armour), and contents severely damaged by explosion, fire, and water; rest of White Tower and contents slightly by explosion and water."

AT THE PALACE OF WESTMINSTER.

Westminster Hall, from the raised upper end of which, turning to the left, a flight of steps ascends to St. Stephen's Hall, the vestibule of the Houses of Parliament, is one of the earliest specimens of our Perpendicular Gothic style, and is thought to have been the work of William of Wykeham. This noble Hall was originally added to the ancient Palace of Westminster by William Rufus, who held his first Court here in 1099. Three centuries later Richard II. had its walls heightened two feet, the windows altered, and a new timber roof constructed, from the design of Henry de Yveley, who was master-mason to three successive Kings and to the Abbey of Westminster. The dimensions of the Hall are 239 ft. long and 68 ft. broad. The roof, 40 ft. above the pavement, is one of the finest examples of ancient carpentry; its timbers spring gracefully upward from the stone string-course, sculptured with the white hart couchant under a tree, and other devices of Richard II. The hammer-beams, stretching out horizontally, are sculptured with angels bearing shields; and these shapes testify to the excellence of wood carving as early as the fourteenth century. From this open roof—on which the dust and soot of years had accumulated, formerly hung standards, guidons, and trophies of victory. In the years 1820 and 1821, forty loads of oak from old ships broken up in Portsmouth Dockyard were used in renewing decayed parts and completing the portion of the north end which had been left unfinished. The roof was also greatly strengthened, in 1851, by tension rods added to the principals. The old English Kings held their Courts, or, as the words ran, "wore their crowns," in Westminster Hall; and the place was also occasionally used as a high court of criminal justice, for the solemn trials of great delinquents, impeached by the House of Commons. Queen Anne Boleyn's trial was in Westminster Hall; and the trial of the Earl of Strafford, in 1640, before Charles I.; the trial of the King himself, nine years afterwards, being also in Westminster Hall. On the Restoration, in 1661, the Act for the King's Trial was burned by the common hangman while the Court was sitting. As early as the year 1248, the thirty-third of King Henry III., Parliaments assembled in this hall; the first representation of the people, as at present formed, being in 1265, the forty-ninth year of the same King's reign.

Anyone is at liberty to enter Westminster Hall and to pass the door of the Crypt, which is situated beneath St. Stephen's Hall. But, in order to arrive at the door of the House of Commons, it would be requisite to obtain an order to view the building, and to traverse a number of apartments and corridors guarded by picked members of the police force. Visitors, having tickets, must, during the Parliamentary recess, enter the Palace by the Norman porch, where the ticket is delivered up to a constable in attendance. The way then leads by the grand staircase, and by a turning to the right into the Queen's Robing-Room, past another constable, and so to the left into the Royal Gallery, containing Maclise's frescoes of the meeting of Blucher and Wellington on the field of Waterloo and of Nelson on board the Victory at Trafalgar. The visitor is next introduced into the Prince's Chamber, likewise under police surveillance, and he passes by the right to the back of the Throne into the House of Lords, also strictly guarded. Crossing the splendid Chamber of the Peers by the Woolsack, skirting the table, either on the Ministerial or Opposition side of the House, the visitor is directed through the brass gates into the Peers' Lobby, and thence into the Peers' Robing-Room. From there the stranger, leaving the Lobby, proceeds through the Peers' Corridor into the Central Hall, and straight across it through the Commons' corridor into the lobby of the Lower Chamber. After inspecting the different features of the House of Commons, his way out leads him into the Commons' Lobby, through St. Stephen's Hall, and down a flight of steps into Westminster Hall. No one, having once entered the Palace by the Norman porch, is suffered to return by that route, but all must make their way through the House of Lords to the Commons and thence to Westminster Hall.

It has been observed that, at the upper end of Westminster Hall, to the left of the grand staircase leading to St. Stephen's Hall, is a small oak door opening upon a short flight of steps, being the entrance to the Crypt; and a little way down those stairs is a narrow paved-embayment, where, a few minutes past two o'clock on Saturday afternoon, Mr. Edwin Green, a civil engineer, residing in London, accompanied by his wife, and his sister-in-law, Miss Davies, observed a parcel about the size of an ordinary brick, which was covered in some dark material resembling cloth, and from which smoke was issuing. Suspecting the parcel to contain dynamite, he shouted to the ladies to go back, at the same time allowing them to pass up the stairs into Westminster Hall, he following. Constable Cole, on duty in the Crypt, hearing Mr. Green's voice, rushed down the steps, and laying hold of the parcel, ran with it towards the Hall. Directly he arrived at the iron gates separating the entrance to the Crypt from the outer space of the Hall, the parcel exploded, wounding him severely, displacing the solid pavement, and making a cavity five feet by four, into which he was violently precipitated. Instantly the entire Hall was enveloped in a dense cloud of dust and falling glass, and all became dark, as if night had suddenly come on. Constable Cox, who was on duty in the Hall, then rushed forward to the place whence the sound of the concussion proceeded, and in the gloom, not being able to see his way, fell bodily into the abyss, where Cole lay insensible, and where Mr. Green was also discovered, the three being huddled together in a confused heap. Mrs. Green and her sister were hurled against the wall close to the gate of the Crypt.

At that moment Mr. Scott, resident superintendent of the Houses of Parliament, was in his apartments, situated within the building. He also hurried to the spot, and in the imperfect light saw Mrs. Green, who had partially recovered from the first shock of the concussion, standing on the steps leading to St. Stephen's Hall, and heard her shrieks of alarm. She cried "Who'll get my husband out? Who will save him?" Mr. Scott next saw Mr. Prim, the resident engineer, carrying Mr. Green from the gateway into the body of the Hall, past the canvas screen erected there, behind which two painters were at work on a large elevation drawing of the proposed restoration of the west side of the structure. Mr. Green was taken first to the quarters of Mr. Erskine, Assistant Serjeant-at-Arms, and afterwards removed to 24, Abingdon-street, close by, the residence of Mr. Liddell, with whom he was acquainted. Realising the frightful situation at a glance, Mr. Scott, without a moment's delay, requested Inspector Denning, who arrived almost simultaneously on the scene, to have the palace forthwith cleared of all strangers, and to stop every means of ingress or egress, further directing that all doors should be locked and closely guarded. Inspector Denning, assisted by a couple of constables, proceeded to institute a most rigorous search, in case

any other infernal machines might have been placed in the Hall or in the chamber of the Lords. The confusion at this time was at its height, and the persons who perpetrated the crime appear to have escaped.

IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Three or four minutes after the first explosion, another was heard, which was in the interior of the House of Commons. A corridor to the left, from the Central Hall, beyond St. Stephen's Hall, leads to the proper Lobby of the House of Commons. Every visitor will recollect that the entrance to the House itself from the "Lobby" was guarded by handsome swinging oak doors, with carved and glazed panels, similar to those leading into the House itself, and from which it was divided by a short passage. On either side, right and left, were the doorways of the "Aye" and "No" Division Lobbies, each of them in like character, and built in a screen of similar design. Entering the Division Lobbies, a door led into that portion of the House "under the clock," which, while actually inside the precincts, is, by a Parliamentary fiction, presumed to be outside. On the left hand of entering, or Government side, just opposite to the stairway leading to the Peers' Gallery, in the "Aye" Division Lobby, was a flight of iron steps leading to the ventilating chamber below the House, whence the supply of hot air is regulated, and there is no doubt the charge of dynamite was deposited close to this spot. When parties of visitors are being conducted through the House, there is a barrier across this particular spot, and nobody is supposed to be allowed to go there, but there would be little difficulty in either getting under the barrier and laying a small parcel down, or throwing it round the corner to the place where it undoubtedly exploded. The only persons in the precincts of the House of Commons at the moment were a lady and gentleman, who fortunately escaped unhurt.

The damage effected in the House of Commons was not inconsiderable, but can be repaired before Feb. 19, the day fixed for the opening of Parliament. The left half of the swing door at the entrance to the House is blown completely away, and the short corridor between that and the door leading into the Chamber itself is also destroyed. The blocks of solid stone of which the door-jambs are composed were on the left side dislodged, their inner face being broken and pulverised. The doorkeepers' chairs are also damaged. One other effect of the powerful explosive was to break downward through the floor of the Division Lobby, flinging huge fragments of stone, iron, and wood into the vaults beneath. The cross-benches, where Mr. Bradlaugh usually sits, are completely wrecked; likewise the gallery devoted to the accommodation of Peers and Ambassadors immediately above. In that gallery the seats are torn from their sockets, overturned, and piled upon the railing to the left of the clock; three of the gallery supports, having been forced out, were shot into the body of the Chamber. One of these carved oaken stays, eight inches in diameter, seems to have been carried in a zigzag direction along the Government side of the House, passing by, without materially damaging, the Radical benches, which are strewn with planks and rafters, and fragments of the cloth covering with which the furniture of the apartment is enveloped when Parliament is not in session. This beam appears to have first struck the seat which Mr. Gladstone usually occupies, tearing out a large piece of the green leather, and ripping open the wool and horsehair stuffing. It must then have glanced off to the right, and coming into collision with the despatch-box on the table, opposite the Premier's seat, it broke off one of the two brass octagonal stars with which the box is ornamented, engraved with the initial of the Queen, leaving the other star inscribed with the letter "R" intact. The solid timber must then have hurtled across the table, carrying with it a portion of the brass gallery in front of the chairs allotted to the clerks of the House; thence it seems to have bounded once more upon the Treasury Bench, rending and tearing up part of its cushion, and in the bound hitting the right hand top corner of the Speaker's chair, partially destroying the leather covering, and finally finding a resting-place on the seat allotted by courtesy to Ministers. All the painted glass of the lantern roof by which the House is illuminated at night is smashed to atoms. On the east side half the windows are destroyed, as also are a few of those on the west side, and one of the shields running round the cornice beneath the roof, inscribed with the Irish harp, was flung down from its place and lay upon the short cross-bench in front of the chair of the Serjeant-at-Arms, close to the benches below the gangway on the left of the Speaker, where the Parnellite members rejoice to sit. The coverings of the seats on the floor have been blown from their places, and some of those in the galleries tossed over the rails, where they hang in festoons, particularly above the immediate site of the explosion. Every part of the Chamber is covered with a thick layer of dust, fragments of carved wood and pierced brass being scattered about the floor and seats. The major portion of the actual damage is, however, on the Ministerial side, in a line with the course of the explosion, very little hurt being done to the Opposition benches. The Reporters' and Ladies' Galleries, with the exception of glass destroyed, do not appear to have suffered much injury, and the same may be said of the two extremities of the Members' Galleries nearest the Speaker's chair. Apart from the very serious fracture to the left door-jamb of the entrance to the Chamber, the walls of the House are said to have sustained no displacement.

The Speaker of the House of Commons arrived in town from Bedfordshire on Monday morning, and, after inspecting the Chamber, paid a visit at Westminster Hospital to the two injured policemen, Cox and Cole, who are well known to most of the members of the House. They are under the care of Mr. Cowell, the Senior Surgeon at Westminster Hospital, and are both progressing favourably. Numerous inquiries were made as to their condition, one of the first being a telegraphic message from the Queen at Osborne on Sunday evening. Cole seems to have acted with extraordinary courage and self-devotion, as he knew that the package he picked up contained dynamite, the wrapper of which was apparently burning, and he therefore determined if possible to carry it into the open air before trying to put it out, so as to minimise the danger if it exploded. Mr. Green is also considered to be in a way of recovery, but he has some internal injury, causing hæmorrhage, from a heavy stone falling on his chest.

Mr. William J. Prim, the Resident Engineer at the Houses of Parliament, estimates the damage done in the Hall and the House by the two explosions at from £10,000 to £15,000. It is said that the stained south window in Westminster Hall, which has been riddled, cannot be restored at a cost of less than £1000. It was noticed that of the coloured glass in the ceiling of the House only one pane escaped uninjured. The damage at the Tower is estimated at £1000 only.

A young man who was taken into custody at the Tower on Saturday, on suspicion of being concerned in causing the explosion, was brought before Sir James Ingham at Bow-street Police Court on Monday. He had been living at 32, Scarborough-street, Whitechapel, and said his name was James Gilbert Cunningham. He is a native of county Cork, and has been in New York for four or five years, having

returned from there in the autumn. He gave three or four different addresses, but ultimately his correct one, where some very good clothes were found. Although he describes himself as a dock labourer, and admits that he has done no work for a time, he had £7 10s. upon him when arrested.

Any persons who visited Westminster Hall, the Crypt, or Houses of Parliament on Saturday, between ten a.m. and 2.15 p.m., are requested to give information to the police if they observed a man and a woman answering to the following description:—Man: Age, thirty-five to forty; height, 5 ft. 10 in. to 11 in.; complexion, sallow; shaved on chin; fair whiskers and moustache; rather pug nose; long brown overcoat, dark trousers, billycock hat. Woman, age forty, short, complexion sallow, dark clothes, sealskin (or imitation) jacket, hair on forehead turning grey. Both man and woman appeared to be Americans. And if so, what they can state with reference to their movements, and at what time they were seen. All persons who visited Westminster Hall, the Crypt, and Houses of Parliament on Saturday are requested to send their names and addresses to the police.

A strict look out is kept by the police at Liverpool, Dover, Folkestone, and other ports, for suspicious-looking persons leaving the country. The public buildings and the prisons in London are guarded by extra police.

In the United States of America all the organs of public opinion express their horror and detestation of these outrages. The Senate at Washington, on Monday, with one dissentient vote, passed a resolution proposed by Senator Bayard to this effect. A bill has been introduced by Senator Edmunds, enacting severe penalties for manufacturing, keeping, or dealing in dynamite, to injure persons or property in America or abroad. It has been referred to the Foreign Affairs Committee, which may consider that the subject is properly one for the action of the several State Legislatures. But in that case the passing of Federal laws against all such organisations sustained by public subscription may be expected. The feeling against the dynamite outrages is strongly expressed in all the cities of Continental Europe.

THE CHURCH.

A wealthy colonist, Mr. John Campbell, has promised £10,000 towards the endowment of the see of Fiji.

The Duke of Northumberland, Mr. F. Seager Hunt, and Mr. R. H. White have each contributed £100 towards the proposed new central premises of the Church of England Young Men's Society.

A meeting was held at the Chapter House, St. Paul's, on the 22nd inst., at which it was resolved to erect in St. Paul's Cathedral, by public subscription, a recumbent effigy of the late Bishop of London.

The Anglican diocese in the Canadian North-West, heretofore known as Assiniboia, under the spiritual care of Bishop Anson, will in future be called the diocese of Qu'Appelle, the members of the diocesan synod having approved of the change.

At Cumberland Lodge on the 23rd inst., Prince Christian, in the name of a number of distinguished subscribers, presented to the Rev. E. L. Tuson, who has been nominated by the Queen to the living of Kingsthorpe, a handsome silver breakfast service and an illuminated address, on his retirement from the chaplaincy of the Royal Chapel, Windsor Park.

The old and interesting little church of Hampreston, in Dorset, has been much improved in appearance by the completion of the filling in of the five chancel windows with stained glass. The whole work has been carried out by Messrs. Mayer and Co.—The large east window of St. John's Church, Rammoor, Sheffield, is about to be filled with stained glass in memory of the late Dr. Chalmers.—The east window of Ewerby church, Lincolnshire, has been filled with stained glass as a memorial to the late Earl of Winchelsea.—In memory of the late Mr. Townshend Mainwaring, who represented the Denbigh boroughs in Parliament for many years, three stained-glass windows have been erected in the church of Trefnant—one by Mr. Mainwaring's relatives, and the other two by personal friends. The church at Trefnant was built by the Mainwaring family from Sir G. G. Scott's designs.—A new reredos has been placed in Brampton church, Hants; the design is of an elaborate character. The materials are alabaster, mosaics, and encaustic tiles. Mr. A. W. Blomfield was the architect.—A new reredos has been placed in the parish church of Cardington, Salop. It extends the whole width of the chancel, and is principally composed of Minton's encaustic tiles.—The Hon. Mrs. Morewood has presented to the parish church of Alfreton a handsome eagle lectern of brass, in memory of her son, the late Mr. William Palmer-Morewood.—In continuation of the restoration of St. Mary's, Chipping Norton, a marble mosaic pavement has been laid in the chancel, with steps of Irish fossil marble. The aisle passages have also been laid with marble mosaic.—The Dowager Marchioness of Hertford has erected an elaborate reredos of alabaster and marble in Arrow church, near Alcester, in memory of the late Marquis.

STREET'S INDIAN AND COLONIAL MERCANTILE DIRECTORY FOR 1885.

The present is the tenth issue of this most useful work. In addition to the Trade Returns, Tariffs, Populations, &c., the volume contains full particulars of the steam and other communications with the various places treated of, wherever anything like a regular mode of conveyance or correspondence exists. The leading merchants and traders of every class likely to be of any use to manufacturers and all engaged in commerce, are fully enumerated, together with the leading professional men. The usual carefully selected list of the principal merchants and traders in London and the chief towns in the United Kingdom is also given. Concise descriptions of each country and town are furnished, with a view more particularly to show their commercial capabilities and peculiarities. The principal products, and details as to the articles of which the trade returns chiefly consist, will also be found; also tables of the local weights and measures, and the value in English money of foreign coins. All the London agents to each of the banks are named; and wherever possible, the principal Government officials and Consuls in each town are given. Particulars of the various railways in operation, or in course of construction, are also supplied where practicable. The number of towns and cities has again been increased. Maps are given of all the principal countries of which particulars are furnished in the letter-press. These have been specially revised for the work, with the view to show the relative positions of the chief towns, without confusing the maps with names of unimportant villages and stations.

Inspector Simmons, of the Essex Constabulary, who was shot on Tuesday week by a gang of burglars, died about eleven o'clock last Saturday morning. He was thirty-seven years of age, had been in the force about twenty-one years, and had several narrow escapes from injury by armed burglars in the discharge of his duty. A reward of £250 is offered for information leading to the apprehension of the gang.

OBITUARY.

LADY GEORGIANA CHARLOTTE FULLERTON.

Lady Georgiana Fullerton, whose death we briefly mentioned last week, was a lady of great accomplishment and literary ability—the authoress of "Ellen Middleton," "Grantley Manor," and other popular novels. Becoming a member of the Church of Rome, she devoted her latter years to works of piety, and to the production of several religious publications, which were highly esteemed. Her Ladyship was born Sept. 23, 1812, the second daughter of the first Earl Granville, G.C.B., and married, July 13, 1833, Mr. Alexander George Fullerton, of Ballintoy Castle, county Antrim, and Westwood, Hants, by whom she leaves no issue.

MR. MORGAN O'CONNELL.

Mr. Morgan O'Connell, formerly M.P. for Meath, died at 12, Stephen's-green, Dublin, on the 20th inst., aged eighty-one. He was second son of Daniel O'Connell, the celebrated leader of the Irish people, and in early life joined General D'Almeida's "Irish South American Legion" in aid of Bolivar, and subsequently held a commission in the Austrian army. On his return, he was elected M.P. for Meath, and continued to represent that county until 1840. His Parliamentary career was undistinguished; the principal event for which it is remembered was his duel with Lord Alvanley, which he fought in place of his father. Mr. Morgan O'Connell, some time after his retirement from the House of Commons, was appointed Registrar of Deeds in Ireland, but resigned the office about fourteen or fifteen years ago. He married Kate Mary, daughter of Mr. Michael Balfe, of South Park, in the county of Roscommon, who survives him, but leaves no issue. Of his father's family, the only surviving son is Mr. Daniel O'Connell, formerly M.P. for Tralee.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Lieutenant-Colonel Burnaby, at the Battle of Abu Klea, on the 17th inst., aged forty-three. A portrait and a memoir of this gallant officer are given in this Number.

Mr. Patrick Francis Robertson, late of Halton House, Hastings, J.P. and D.L., on the 20th inst., aged seventy-seven.

The Rev. William Garrett Lewis, a prominent minister of the Baptist denomination, for some time minister of the Westbourne-grove chapel.

Lady Richard Browne (Agnes Elizabeth), wife of Lord Richard Browne, fifth son of the late Marquis of Sligo, and daughter of Mr. J. Amesbury, of Brighton, on the 17th inst.

The Rev. William Hall, Rector of Little Saxham, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk, fourth son of the late Mr. John Hall, J.P., of Portlisle House, Sussex, on the 14th inst., at his Rectory, in his eighty-ninth year.

The Rev. Charles Rodd, fifty-three years Rector of North Hill, Launceston, Cornwall, on the 16th inst., in his seventy-eighth year. He was second son of the Rev. Edward Rodd, D.D., of Trebartha Hall, Cornwall.

The Rev. John Clutton, Prebendary of Norton, in the cathedral of Hereford, son of the late Rev. John Clutton, Canon of Hereford and Rector of Kimmersley, on the 16th inst., in his eighty-second year.

The Lady Alicia Conroy, widow of Sir Edward Conroy, Bart., and younger daughter of Laurence, second Earl of Rosse, on the 21st inst., at Arborfield Grange, Reading, in her seventieth year. She was married in 1837, and became a widow, with an only son, the present Sir John Conroy, in 1869.

Mr. Robert Barbour, of Bolesworth Castle, Cheshire, J.P. and D.L., High Sheriff 1866, on the 17th inst., aged eighty-seven. He was formerly one of the merchant princes of Manchester, and purchased, in 1857, the fine estate of Bolesworth Castle. He leaves one son, George, J.P., M.A. Trinity College, Cambridge, barrister-at-law; and one daughter.

Mrs. Thistlethwayte (Elizabeth Catharine), wife of Mr. Thomas Thistlethwayte, of Southwick Park, Hants, and second daughter of Lieutenant-General the Hon. Sir Hercules Robert Pakenham, K.C.B., of Langford Lodge, in the county of Antrim, on the 22nd inst. She was born May 19, 1823, and married Aug. 6, 1850.

Major-General George Pope, C.B., late H.E.I.C.S., youngest son of the late Mr. Robert Pope, of Navidale, in the county of Sutherland, on the 20th inst., in his eightieth year. He entered the Bombay Army in 1824, and retired as Major-General in 1861. He served, as Commissariat Officer, in Scinde, under Napier; and, as Chief Commissariat Officer, in Persia, under Outram.

The Emperor of Germany has appointed Sir J. Lister, Professor of Clinical Surgery in King's College, London, a Knight of the Order Pour le Mérite for Science and Arts.

Yesterday week Mr. William Bousfield presided at a public meeting to inaugurate the opening of a new Board school in Sherbrooke-road, Fulham. There was a large attendance, including Mr. W. Hayes Fisher, the selected Conservative candidate. Accommodation has been provided for 360 boys, 360 girls, and 457 infants.

Mr. George Pitt Lewis, of the Inner Temple, has been appointed Recorder of Poole, the office being rendered vacant by the appointment of Mr. Bompas as Recorder of Plymouth and Devonport.—The Queen has approved of the appointment of Mr. R. H. Spearman as Recorder of Bridgnorth, in the place of the late Mr. William Cope.

Robert Charles Hodgson, described as a clerk, twenty-four years of age, was yesterday week charged before the Croydon magistrates with having shot at a young lady named Edith Allen, many years his junior, with a revolver, with intent to murder her. The prosecutrix, who was accustomed to sit near the prisoner in church, had received a note from him, asking her to meet him, which she declined to do. He had fired three shots at her, but according to the medical evidence the injuries were only slight. A remand was ordered.

The Lord Mayor has issued an appeal to the public for funds to enable the Mansion House Council on the Dwellings of the People to continue their useful work. Last year a little over £1000 was contributed. This is now nearly exhausted, but the work is rapidly increasing. Upwards of 2500 cases of insanitary conditions in dwellings were dealt with during the year, and now that the object and methods of the council's operations are becoming better known, fresh cases of urgency are presented to them daily. He says:—"Our workers, all but three or four, are voluntary, and we need extra helpers of the same kind, especially such as will labour in the East-End."

A telescope, with a fine object-glass of 3½ in. aperture, has been presented by the Duchess of Marlborough to the Radcliffe trustees, for the use of the Radcliffe Observatory. The instrument bears the following inscription:—"This valued instrument, given to John Winston, seventh Duke of Marlborough, by Sir James South, F.R.S., is presented to the Radcliffe Observatory by Frances Anne, Dowager Duchess of Marlborough, to aid those astronomical studies in which her beloved husband took so deep an interest, and to preserve a memory of him in an institution of which he was so long trustee. November, 1884."

T H E D Y N A M I T E O U T R A G E S .



THE EFFECTS OF THE EXPLOSION IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS: OUR ARTIST SKETCHING FROM MR. GLADSTONE'S SEAT.

T H E D Y N A M I T E O U T R A G E S .



SCENE OF THE EXPLOSION IN THE TOWER OF LONDON.

THE LATE COLONEL BURNABY.

The career of the late Colonel Burnaby, whose fall in the battle of Abu Klea was so widely and deeply regretted, was at once brilliant and unique. He was skilled both in literature and arms; and, in summing up the record of his achievements, one is, in some respects, reminded of that marvel of the sixteenth century, whose name has been handed down to us, associated with the epithet "Admirable." Colonel Burnaby was a most accomplished linguist, a man of wide reading and much culture, a magnificent athlete, a splendid swordsman, a distinguished soldier, a daring balloonist, and a traveller of world-wide reputation. In physique he towered above his fellows. He was six feet four inches in height, and round the chest measured about forty-six inches. His features were finely cut and handsome, and his eyes full of the "native daring," which one might well look for in a hero who could boast of many a soldier among his ancestors of 800 years. But he was not the less a man of the kindest glance and of winning manner and cosmopolitan good humour, and his circle of friends and acquaintances was singularly large and varied.

Frederick Gustavus Burnaby, or "Fred" Burnaby—to give him the name by which he was known among his friends, and which he adopts on the titlepage of his famous "Ride to Khiva"—was the elder son of the late Rev. Gustavus Andrew Burnaby, of Somerby Hall, Leicestershire. The father, who was Canon of Middleham, married the third daughter of Mr. Villebois, of Marham, in Norfolk, and "Fred" was born at Bedford in 1842. In his early training, conducted at home, considerable attention was paid to athletics, in which he always excelled. In due course he was sent to Harrow, where, though he did not do much in Latin or Greek, he was distinguished for his progress in French. We hear, too, of his pluck in a big fight which he had with a schoolfellow older and taller than himself. Something at this period was also done by him in the way of rowing, for he took his little skiff from Windsor to Oxford, passed through the canal into the Severn, and rowed beyond Shrewsbury. The juvenile voyage lasted three weeks. Besides, it occurred to him to enlighten the public on the subject of fagging, through the columns of *Punch*. The public were amused, it is said, but the masters began to wonder if it would be necessary to expel this energetic youth. From Harrow, he was sent to Germany; and, when seventeen—after passing his examination, the youngest of 150 candidates—he was gazetted Cornet in the Royal Horse Guards (Blue).

At the age of twenty-two, by which time he was a Lieutenant, he made his first essay in ballooning. The story is a curious illustration out of many which his life afforded of that "contradictious" character which, he tells us, his nurse ascribed to him. It was a hot summer night in July, and he had gone to Cremorne with some brother "subs" to smoke a cigar. Here he happened to meet a Captain, a friend of his, talking "to the manager of the gardens, and to a short, thick-set man, whose dark features, close-shaven face, and moustache, betokened his Gallic nationality." "This," said his friend, whispering impressively, "is Godard. You know, the man who is going up in the fire-balloon to-morrow." "Very good fun, I should think," was the easy reply of Fred. "Fun, indeed!" retorted the Captain—"fun with the chance of being burnt, as well as of being smashed. You would not think it fun, if you went up with him." "I was a little nettled at this," says Colonel Burnaby, in his "Ride Across the Channel," "and without taking time to reflect, said 'I should be delighted to ascend, if Monsieur Godard would take me.'" The story of his ascent next day with the French aeronaut is graphically told in the volume which Colonel Burnaby published in 1882, after he had accomplished the feat of crossing the Channel alone in a balloon.

In 1868 Burnaby, now a Captain, visited Paris and Pau, and thence passed to Bayonne, Biarritz, San Sebastian, Madrid, Seville, Cadiz, and Gibraltar, after which he crossed to Tangiers. 1870 finds him visiting St. Petersburg, Moscow, Odessa, and Constantinople; but this tour is cut short by his father's illness. Three years later he himself is lying prostrate at Naples from typhoid fever. This was the year in which General Kauffmann began his expedition against Khiva, and it was the intention of Captain Burnaby to have gone there and seen the fighting, if his illness had not put him *hors de combat*.

On his convalescence he again went to Spain, and succeeded, notwithstanding the convulsed state of the country owing to the Carlist rising, in reaching the French frontier by Vittoria, San Sebastian, and Irun. In the following year he returned to the Peninsula, and wrote a narrative for the *Times* of what he witnessed of the civil war. While he was with the troops of Don Carlos, whose friendship he won, an incident occurred which serves to illustrate the personal fearlessness of the man. While the Carlists were repelling an attack which the Liberals made on them at the church of Di Castello, Burnaby was calmly watching the fighting, when suddenly a body of the enemy appeared within a hundred yards, and delivered a murderous volley, which brought down several men behind him. "The commanding officer gave the order to kneel and fire under cover of the parapet wall. This was obeyed promptly enough, but Burnaby remained still standing on the same spot, until the attack was repulsed. One man was shot dead, and an officer had his ear cut off by a bullet, within a few feet of him." As the author of an appreciative "Special" in the *Daily News* has said of him with a touch of grim humour:—"Probably no man in the Army or out of it took such infinite pains to get killed as Burnaby did."

The close of this year sees him the guest of "Chinese Gordon," who had succeeded Sir Samuel Baker as head of an expedition sent by the Viceroy for the suppression of the Slave Trade. Captain Burnaby communicated an account of his experiences with Gordon to the *Times*. Khartoum he describes as "a clean-looking town of 20,000 inhabitants." Of the country through which the White Nile flows after it is joined by the Blue Nile in the neighbourhood of Khartoum, he writes that it is magnificent in the extreme. "Splendid timber on each side, fine and lofty trees, which would have enabled an English park, were studded here and there in all directions. Every now and then we came to long avenues or vistas of trees, beneath whose shade we could discover quantities of gazelles, teals, and oriel deer; along the banks swarmed hippopotami and crocodiles, and in the rich grass that grew luxuriantly from the river to the edges of the wood ran thousands of guinea-fowl, so tame that they utterly ignored the presence of our steamer. The country between Khartoum is a veritable sportsman's paradise; every species of deer abounds, while elephants, giraffes, and buffaloes, as well as lions and leopards, are to be met with at two hours' distance from the banks." To General Gordon's successful skill and energy, and to his exceptional disinterestedness, he pays a high and well-deserved tribute. It was at Khartoum that Colonel Burnaby determined upon his famous ride to Khiva, and the immediate occasion of his taking this resolution is told by himself in his introduction to the well-known narrative which he published—a work which, after reaching its eleventh edition, is now before the public in a popular form. He determined to go to Khiva, because, one day when he was

chatting with a friend, his eye fell upon a paragraph which stated that the Government at St. Petersburg had closed Russian Asia to foreign travel. Anything difficult had its attractions for him, and he loved well to do what he was dared to do. "You will never get there," said his friend; "they will stop you." But in little more than a year Colonel Burnaby was in Khiva.

Though daring in attempt, Burnaby was not rash or careless in execution, and, before setting out, he read every book that could throw light on his proposed journey, and made the most careful arrangements regarding his outfit. How necessary was the most careful provision against the cold he had to encounter in crossing the "vast snow and salt-covered track" of the Kirghiz steppes may be gathered from the fact that, in crossing this bitter region in an exceptionally severe winter, he nearly lost both his arms through frost-bite. Happening to fall asleep in the sleigh, and to withdraw his hands, which he had neglected to glove, from his fur sleeves, in which he had inserted them crosswise, he awoke in intense pain to find his arms attacked as far as the glands at the arm-pit. It was one of those moments, he tells us, when death seems a relief to man. The frozen limbs, "which were of a blue colour, floated painlessly" in the tub of ice and water in which the Cossacks immersed them when he arrived at the next station. "The arms will drop off," despondingly remarked an attendant, "if we do not restore the circulation"; and it was not until they had been rubbed with naphtha, until the spirit in some places penetrated the raw flesh, that they were saved. It was several weeks before he recovered the effects of this terrible exposure and its necessarily rough cure. On the pretext of buying horses at Kalendarhana, Colonel Burnaby succeeded in inducing his guide to take him to Khiva without passing through the Russian fort of Petro-Alexandrovsk. Had he not made this *détour*, he would probably never have set foot in the Khan's capital—a view justified by the fact of his being summoned from Khiva to the Russian fort to receive a telegram from the Duke of Cambridge, requiring his immediate return to Europe. The "Ride to Khiva" gave Colonel Burnaby a European reputation, and added considerably to our knowledge of the territory he passed through and its inhabitants.

In the autumn of 1876, the year of his Khiva expedition, Colonel Burnaby discovered that he had not fixed on what to do with himself during his coming winter leave of absence. Most people would have stayed at home, or gone to the Riviera; but Burnaby determined to travel in Asia Minor. There, he argued, I shall be with Turks far removed from any European influence; and the character of the Turk was, in the agitation provoked by the Bulgarian atrocities, the topic of the day. There were two ways of reaching Van, which was to be the turning-point of his tour. The ordinary winter route was by the Black Sea and Erzeroum. Undeterred by the dangers ahead which the ferocious Kurds and the snow presented, he took Kiepert's map and struck a line across country to Erzeroum, reached Van, and returned to Constantinople via Kars, Ardahan, Batoum, and Trebizonde. The two volumes in which he describes this "Ride" are, perhaps, fully as interesting as his "Ride to Khiva," and they are of greater importance from the information which they contain. Our protectorate of Turkey in Asia, though conditional, and though lost sight of in the engrossing interest which Egypt possesses for us at present, is a fact which we cannot afford to ignore; and the undeveloped resources of that region and its military importance to the mistress of India necessarily give importance to any experiences of travel on the part of a close and intelligent observer. The advice of Colonel Burnaby is, therefore, well worth weighing, when he writes:—"Let foreign settlers go to Anatolia. Let them make railways throughout the country; it could supply the whole of Great Britain with corn, and the mines of coal and other minerals would prove a source of immense wealth to the inhabitants." Rich soil left fallow for miles around excited his astonishment. "There are not," said his guide, "enough inhabitants to cultivate the land." As to the character of the "unspeakable Turk," if Burnaby was not a Russophobe he was a Turkophile. The question, however, need not be entered on here. It is enough to add that apparently the Russian Government was Burnaby-phobic, for, on reaching Erzeroum, he found that the Russian Consul had received a telegram from the authorities in the Caucasus, in which it was ordered that the Colonel, described as a desperate enemy (*un ennemi acharné*) of Russia, should be expelled if he set foot on Russian territory; and for the proper execution of this order it seems photographs of the indomitable "Fred" had been hung up in the Russian frontier stations. They had not forgotten that he reached Khiva.

The succeeding events in the life of Colonel Burnaby are still fresh in the mind of the public. In 1877 we find him in Plevna as agent to the Stafford House Committee; and he was present at the memorable fight of Tashkessan. In 1878 he turned his attention to politics, and was approved by the Conservatives at Birmingham as their candidate at the next election. It is characteristic of him that he chose to attack Radicalism in its stronghold. So, also, is the story that in 1879—the year of his marriage—he defied a stormy meeting of the Birmingham electors, and, after stating he could if he chose walk through the meeting-room, took out his pipe, filled it, and began to smoke on the platform as placidly as if he had been sitting on the sands of Eastbourne. They then allowed him to proceed with his speech. In 1880, at another stormy meeting, he jumped from the platform, and made his way through an excited audience. As a public speaker, he has been described as "remarkable for his excellent delivery, and for a sturdy downright way of hitting the nail on the head, which often proved extraordinarily effective." Although an uncompromising Tory, he was successful in polling no fewer than 15,716 votes. In 1882 he crossed the Channel alone in a balloon, landing in Normandy. He proved that when the wind of a lower altitude is adverse to such an attempt, it is still possible to succeed by throwing out ballast and reaching a higher and favourable current. He had also the interests of his own branch of the service in view, for he thought ballooning should be conducted by the cavalry, and not by the engineers. When the Soudanese war broke out he joined Baker Pasha, and was present at Souakim. Later on he was severely wounded at El Teb. He was the first to mount the parapet, and the Khedive's medal was conferred on him.

In the present campaign, unable to obtain an appointment, he left for Africa, and friends who supposed he had gone to the Transvaal next heard of him at Korti. The rapidity with which he conducted a convoy from Korti to Gakdul, in order to reach General Stewart, is well known. Under General Stewart, in the recent memorable battle of Abu Klea, he met his fate. A lance pierced him in the jugular vein in the fierce fight that took place when our square was forced. We may be sure how bravely he fought, for he was a born soldier, of marvellous physical strength, fearless, and of indomitable energy. Besides,

No thought was there of dastard flight,
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
As fearlessly and well;
Each stepping where his comrade stood
The instant that he fell.

Of such a man, naturally, there is many a story told which cannot be incorporated in a brief epitome of his life. We are told, for example, how assiduously he nursed the faithful servant Radford who accompanied him through Asia Minor, and who, returning, died at Dover in the state of unconsciousness in which he was landed. A survivor of El Teb writes to a contemporary to tell how, after their return to Trinkit, Burnaby, seeing several around him parched with thirst, knocked the neck off his last little bottle of Medoc and distributed it to those near him. Noticeably, Burnaby himself was a very temperate man. Most people know how at Windsor he carried out, one under each arm, two small ponies which his fellow-officers had obligingly conducted to his room. His feats with colossal dumb-bells are also well known. It is also recorded of him that one day ascending a ladder—or rather two ladders roped together—sixty feet high, with a view to descending hand over hand by the rungs, he found, on swinging round, his support was tottering, and that he instantly dropped his grasp to catch the ladder some three rungs lower down and threw his weight on one side, thereby averting a probably fatal accident. The wonder is that, with a passionate devotion to athletics which so lowered his vitality when young that foreign travel was recommended as an alternative, Burnaby found either time or inclination to read or write. But he was, as we have said, a man of culture; his pen was rarely idle, and he was, more or less, proficient in nine languages. Perhaps Mr. R. K. Mann, who two years ago wrote a book about Colonel Burnaby, lets us into the secret of this when he says of his hero, then in the happy days of a brilliant career:—"All he does is without hurry or confusion, and as systematically as if he had been trained in a merchant's counting-house. He is most orderly, and has appointed hours of work, and . . . he is an early riser." There is, however, no royal road by early rising, or otherwise, to being what one is not; and comparatively few men are born with the indomitable energy which Burnaby displayed in the brilliant career cut short in the fierce fight of Abu Klea.

NOVELS.

Not a little of the freshness suggested by the title pervades the story of *Between the Heather and the Northern Sea*: by Mary Linskill (Richard Bentley and Son), which exhibits considerable originality and power of writing. The reader must be prepared to find aesthetics mingled with the romance of the tale and to enjoy (or not) a great deal of "tall talk" concerning art and the gifted beings who devote their lives to it. The novel resolves itself, as is the case with most novels nowadays, into several studies of character, and most prominent among them is a study of the very unlovely character which belongs to a certain Diana Richmond. Externally she is as beautiful and majestic as an incarnate Juno; internally she is of a spirit too mean and too meanly vindictive to inspire the actions of the commonest kitchen-maid of modern times. She is not ashamed to make open love to a painter who will have none of her, and to do all she can to ruin him and his unoffending daughter, when he refuses the offer plainly made to him; and she declines to return the letters of a former lover, whom she never really loved and who gives her distinctly to understand that he loves her no longer, in order that she may have the whip-hand of him and hold within her grasp the means of torturing both him and the poor girl on whom he has bestowed his affections. There is something so fundamentally unwomanly about such a creature as this, that she may be regarded as quite an original conception, more original by far than either agreeable or probable. She, however, gives occasion for the introduction of many picturesque, powerful, passionate scenes; and it would be ungrateful, therefore, to regret that it is necessary to make her acquaintance. Among the other personages of the story, on the contrary, there is scarcely any whom it is not a pleasure to meet, if only in the pages of three volumes; and, though some of them are a little more long-winded than is altogether desirable, there is a remedy, well known to the "general reader," for that by no means uncommon infirmity; a remedy, alas! which it is not possible to apply to the "ancient mariner" or other wordy customer whom we encounter in the flesh. Of the personages with whom it is most gratifying to make acquaintance, none is more charming than Miss Genevieve Bartholomew, daughter of the unappreciated artist already alluded to as a "painter," and none more entertaining and at the same time pathetic in their way than the Cravens and Ishmael Crudas, who are handled in a manner worthy of "George Eliot."

Were it customary to read novels to a musical accompaniment, then *The Lover's Creed*: by Mrs. Cashel Hoey (Chatto and Windus), should be read to the tune of "The girl I left behind me." For the story is of a young woman who was left behind him in England by a young gentleman, when he went to fight the Russians in the Crimea. And let it not be supposed that young "woman" and young "gentleman" are terms thoughtlessly employed, and used without significance: for the great point of the romance is that the son of the Squire fell in love with the lovely daughter of a tenant and would fain have married her. But we know the little prejudices which even the best of Squires may be expected to display in such cases; and so the hero, whose father is the very best of Squires, and the heroine, who is the most considerate of maidens, agree to keep their engagement secret. This is the only point upon which there is any concealment in the son's dealings with the father; and, oddly enough, the only point upon which there is any concealment in the father's dealings with the son is one of a similar kind. Indeed, the picture of perfect, manly understanding between father and son is chief among the many charms which the novel possesses. It can scarcely be necessary to state that, whilst the hero is absent at the wars, the heroine, whose father is a brute of the lowest type, has a dreadful life of it, and is reduced to the depths of despair by finding her lover's name in the list of killed and wounded. This is sure to occur in a novel, and the experienced reader will take the matter much more philosophically than it is taken by the poor heroine, and will continue to read on in the certainty, rather than the hope, that the report of the hero's death will turn out to have been strictly false. True; but, in the meanwhile, what of the heroine? The report may have been her death-blow, or it may not. She may even have imitated the behaviour of Annie Laurie, in whose case report was more truthful, and may have married that lucky "second string," who figures in romantic narratives under the style and title of "another." However that may have been, the story is likely to excite considerable interest, though, by an exercise of perversity rather than of originality, that interest is excited far less by the young hero and heroine and their affairs than by the elders of the story and their very singular position and proceedings. The heroine's father and step-mother are made to figure with needless frequency and conspicuousness; and this is the more to be regretted, because the spectacle, however well put on the pages, of a brutal husband bullying and even beating a timid and submissive wife is exceedingly painful and repulsive. Some of the best portions of the romance are reserved for the time when the scene shifts from England to Brittany; and they are very good indeed. The book is illustrated, but by whom is not

stated: yet the illustrations are not a whit inferior to the current sort.

Murder and mystery have a great attraction for a certain large class of readers, and to them *Great Porter-Square*: by B. L. Farjeon (Ward and Downey), may be recommended with more than ordinary confidence: for the three volumes are all murder and mystery from beginning to end. And a very fair specimen the novel is of its kind, being much better written than the majority of such works. The author makes unsparing use of a hypothetical evening newspaper called, or supposed to be called, the *Evening Moon*, from which he pretends to take copious extracts, and so saves himself a vast deal of the trouble which he might otherwise have had to expend upon artistic construction. Upon that hypothetical newspaper, then, it is permissible to draw in order to put readers in the way to understand what it is they must prepare to read about. The aforesaid hypothetical newspaper is supposed to have appeared one evening with a number of "sensational headings," such as "the murder in Great Porter-square," and "a romance in real life," and "a hundred thousand pounds," and "wealth, beauty, and love at first sight"; and then to have commenced a long narrative as follows:—"After a lapse of several weeks, we reopen the subject of the murder in Great Porter-square. Although the murderer is still at large, the affair has advanced another and most important stage, and one element of mystery in connection with it is satisfactorily cleared up. We are about to disclose the name of the murdered man, and at the same time to lay before our readers certain interesting information relating to him which, without doubt, will be eagerly read." The murdered man's name was Holdfast, a gentleman of large fortune, a widower with one son. He married, when his son Frederick was about of age, a second time, a lovely young widow, who tells a story, after the murder, of his having fallen in love with her, and treated her in such a manner that his father kicked him out of the house. The son went to America, and is reported to have died in Minnesota; but is it more than report? The father went to America in search of the son, but could not find him dead or alive: may not the report of the son's death be untrue; may not the son have followed the father home to England, and, being in need of money, have dogged the rich man, who always carried a thousand pounds or so (as rich men so very seldom do) in his pocket, to the mysterious house in Great Porter-square, and then—? It is a horrible suggestion; and, of course, some reason must be discovered for the fact that a wealthy gentleman, with a good house of his own and a lovely young wife in it, went and took dingy lodgings in a feigned name. Well, it appears that he was visited by a veiled lady, who may or may not have been his wife, but never gave so much as even a feigned name. Enough has now been written to show what kind of literary fare is provided in the novel; but all who like it set to with appetite.

Once more the French marriage-laws, with the "three respectful citations," have been pressed into the novelist's service, and form a fundamental portion of the material out of which the story entitled *Ulrica*: by Cecil Clarke (Tinsley Brothers), is more or less skilfully elaborated. *Ulrica* is the lovely daughter and apparently only child of a Parisian silk-merchant and his wife; and they, after the real or supposed fashion of their country, have promised her in all her youth and beauty to a rich but old and hateful silk-merchant of Lyons, to be his wedded wife, without asking the young lady's leave or opinion until after the promise has been made. The young lady herself, being already pre-engaged, as it were, to a young clerk in her father's business, refuses to listen to reason, as is revealed in a very good introductory scene. The parents would, of course, have regretted their charming child's stubborn disobedience far less, if it were not that her father, as so frequently happens to fathers of beautiful, marriageable, but unmanageable girls in novels, is in pecuniary difficulties, which have placed him in the power, as he fears, of the amorous ogre, who is the young lady's abhorrence. There is a great deal of quarrelling and temporising, until *Ulrica* comes of age; and then, having done what the law requires of her in the matter of the "three respectful citations," she promptly marries the impecunious clerk of her heart. After this comes all manner of trouble, embittered by remembrance of an affectionate mother's curse; and in the end, whether the novel be intended to illustrate the wickedness of the French marriage laws or not, it will probably be a question with the reader whether *Ulrica* would not have done better for all concerned, herself included perhaps, if she could have swallowed her certainly very natural antipathies, taken the old scoundrel with the money-bags for worse if not for better, and devoted her talents to bamboozling him, twisting him round her little finger, and exerting her talents and her charms to make him her more or less willing slave. It is curious that the writer, who seems to know something about France and French, should persist in writing "chaperone" instead of "chaperon" (possibly meaning to accept an Anglicised form of the word), and should be seduced, by the desire of appearing to make a smart remark, no doubt, into observing, when one personage promises to "let off" another personage, that the expression would be used of a "pop-gun." For the two personages are supposed to be speaking French, not English (which is only employed because the story is written in that language); and, of course, neither of them would have used the term which calls forth the smart remark.

Mr. A. P. Voules has been appointed Head Master of the Chesterfield Grammar School.

A Royal fund for the relief of the orphans of sea fishermen has been founded as an outcome of the late International Fisheries Exhibition, and has received from its surplus funds a grant of £10,000, in accordance with the recommendation of the Prince of Wales. An urgent appeal is made to the public for liberal donations and subscriptions.

The past week's arrivals of live stock and fresh meat at Liverpool, from the United States and Canada, amounted to 1991 cattle, 72 sheep, 11,069 quarters of beef, 980 carcasses of mutton, and 70 hogs—which, in comparison with the imports of the preceding week, show a further increase in the shipments of cattle and fresh beef, but a decrease in that of sheep and mutton.

The marriage of Mr. George Earle Buckle, editor of the *Times*, with Miss Alice Payn, the third daughter of Mr. James Payn, took place on the 22nd inst. at St. Saviour's Church, Warrington-crescent, the officiating clergyman being the Rev. G. Buckle, Weston-super-Mare, father of the bridegroom, assisted by the Rev. Prebendary Harry Jones, of Burton, formerly of St. George's-in-the-East. A large number of friends of Mr. Buckle and of the bride were present.

A high school for girls, called Queen Elizabeth's Girls' Grammar School, was opened at Mansfield on the 20th inst. The original school was for boys only, and was founded in 1561 by Queen Elizabeth. In 1875 premises were built, under Queen Elizabeth's endowment, for a day school for boys, which has greatly prospered; and now, under a portion of the same endowment, a school has been opened for the higher education of girls in Mansfield and neighbourhood.

NEW BOOKS.

A lively, amusing, gossiping book, but at the same time a sad one, has been written by Mr. George Dolby, entitled *Charles Dickens as I Knew Him. The Story of the Reading Tours in Great Britain and America (1866-1870)*, (Fisher Unwin). Mr. Dolby acted as the business manager during the tours, a task of no common difficulty; and it speaks well for him that in those years he exchanged his official position of a financial agent for that of a friend of the great humourist. Very pleasant is the account given of Dickens, in his private character as a travelling companion, and in his public rôle on the platform. Few men have ever gained so much popular applause and excited at the same time so much enthusiasm among the cultivated classes. And Dickens seems to have borne his honours modestly, but not without an excitement which ruined a naturally robust constitution. It is melancholy to hear of the strain caused by these Readings, and at a time, too, when he was as capable as he ever had been of original composition. No doubt the vast sums received were a great temptation to a man with a large family—out of the 242 readings given under Mr. Dolby's management he cleared nearly £33,000; but at the same time his books yielded a fortune. The price agreed to be paid to him for "Edwin Drood" was to be £7500 for the copyright, and a half share of the profits after a sale of 25,000 copies. He was also to receive £1000 for the advance-sheets sent to America; and the writer states that the total sales of the work during the author's lifetime exceeded fifty thousand copies, "though the book was little more than half finished, and only about one third of it in the press." That he should have undertaken to write this book at all, and written what he did write so well, may well surprise anyone endowed with less force of character. In America, he could not give a reading without much suffering; and, after giving one, was sometimes forced to lie down for half an hour in a state of the greatest exhaustion before he could undergo the fatigue of dressing. When, on returning to England, he gave his final course of readings, all the bad symptoms increased in severity. Complete rest was the sole prescription of the doctors, and rest he would not take. Dickens's physical as well as mental energy was tremendous; but it killed him. We do not know that Mr. Dolby's narrative throws much new light on the character of his hero, but it is an affectionate tribute, from one who knew him intimately, to Charles Dickens's many noble qualities of head and heart. Mr. Dolby writes modestly and well.

It is the common habit of small poets and versemen to follow the style in vogue among the greater singers of the day. In his prettily printed little volume, *Bramble Cloisters* (Elliot Stock), Mr. John Watkins Pitchford throws off this allegiance altogether. There is not a line of his blank verse which will remind the reader of Tennyson or Browning, of Swinburne or Matthew Arnold. Neither does his poetry express the spirit of the age. It carries us back to a period of less struggle and perplexity, and to that homely, simple enjoyment of natural objects which distinguishes the descriptive poetry of Thomson from the more spiritual and subtle fidelity of Wordsworth. Mr. Pitchford has an eye to see and skill to describe; he is as faithful to the common life around him as Cowper, or as the Scottish poet Grahame. His pictures are singularly vivid; unlike Thomson, his style is never turgid, but he resembles that poet—once the most popular in England, and now almost forgotten—in his careful observation of outdoor life. We do not say for a moment that Mr. Pitchford has the weight and significance of Thomson: there are doubtless passages in the "Seasons" far beyond his mark; but he may be called his son. Here is one brief extract from "The Idyll of the Dawn" which, though it cannot express the worth of the book, will illustrate its style:—

Now shoot o'er dewy hedge
Through opening woods, the sun's first rays,
Reddening and warm; and with a thrill of life
All things awake: the hum of bees is heard
About the garden hives, and round the elms
The buzz of darting flies; chirp, twitter, song,
Glad fit of hasty wing, the upward soar
Of joyous-throated lark, the blackbird's song
Warbled in rounded tones, make sweet the hour.
Sparkles the hoary dew upon the grass;
The trailing mists drift from the shining woods,
From out those dark blue depths come gentle sounds
Of cooing doves, happiest of happy birds.
Cutting and diving through the freshened blue
Of cloudless heaven, the arrowy swallows dart.
Ere pale blue wreaths of climbing smoke arise
Above the garden trees from cottage roofs
The satchelled labourers come, with tools in hand,
Bound for the hayfields or the distant woods.

Our want of space forces us to break off abruptly. Perhaps we have said enough to show the character of Mr. Pitchford's work. It is as true to life as the wonderful prose idylls of Mr. Richard Jefferies.

Dr. Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," in spite of much prejudice and sometimes of what we may venture to call critical incapacity, is so full of weighty thought and of the writer's personality that it must always retain a place in literature. Of the *Lives of Famous Poets*, by William Michael Rossetti (Ward, Lock, and Co.), it would be hazardous to express the same confident opinion. The author has the qualifications of knowledge and of love, his taste is catholic, and his power of expression for the most part felicitous. If his estimates of poets do not always satisfy the reader—and how is this possible if the reader has a poetical creed of his own?—they are not wanting in force and distinctness. To this we may add that Mr. Rossetti's biographies have the advantage of being brief and eminently readable. Like most critics, his feeling sometimes gets the better of his judgment. We may admire and even love Shelley without regarding his nature as "transcendent" and his art as "unspeakable." It is but fair to note, however, that, with all his enthusiasm for a mystic poet like Shelley, the writer can also, though with certain limitations, admire Scott. Mrs. Hemans, by-the-way, is a voluminous and sometimes a sweet versifier, but it is hard to see why she should be placed among "famous poets." And we observe that Mr. Rossetti still holds to his belief, expressed several years ago, that Walt Whitman is the real American poet, "a man enormously greater than Longfellow or any other of his poetic compatriots." Well, we are all mortal, and even critics make mistakes. The volume is apparently a reprint, with illustrations, of the edition published in 1878. The woodcuts are commonplace, and cannot be said to increase the attractions of the book.

In a tiny volume, consisting of four chapters, entitled *Sketches in Holland and Scandinavia* (Smith, Elder, and Co.), Mr. Augustus J. C. Hare undertakes to travel through four countries. His written sketches are clever and picturesque, and so also are the little wood-cuts with which the letterpress is studded. Probably the liveliest writer about Holland is De Amicis, but Mr. Hare is an agreeable companion with whom the stay-at-home traveller may spend an hour pleasantly enough. He is struck by the ugliness of the Dutch churches, which are burdened with Calvinism and whitewash, and at the irreverence displayed in them. "All the men smoked in church, and this we saw repeatedly; but it would be difficult to say where we ever saw a Dutchman with a pipe out of his mouth." Dordrecht is praised as a thoroughly charming place; and Rotterdam, on

the contrary, is pronounced immense and filthy, and the most odious town the traveller was ever in. The Hague is said to be the most delightful of little capitals; but Mr. Hare is disappointed with Amsterdam, "grievously disappointed" with the far-famed organ at Haarlem, and finds very little remarkable in Brock, "except even a greater sense of dampness and ooze than in the other Dutch villages." Alkmaar struck him as the cleanest place in Holland, and also the most picturesque. Thence he flitted to Zaandam, a pretty village surrounded by windmills, eighty being visible from the station alone. A serious annoyance of Dutch travel is the difficulty of obtaining food. "All the inns," Mr. Hare writes, "are equally inhospitable: 'The table d'hôte is at four p.m.; we cannot and will not be bothered with cooking before that, and there is nothing cold in the house.' 'But you have surely bread and cheese?' 'Certainly not. Nothing.'" Before quitting Holland, we may observe that readers interested in the land question and in peasant proprietorship should turn to page 55 for the account of a province which is said to be agriculturally one of the richest in the kingdom. In the capital of Denmark the traveller is struck by the indescribably elastic air, and by the novelty of everything he sees. Copenhagen is indeed a charming city, and the lovely beech woods around form a cool refuge in the hot summer time. Sweden, as far north as Upsala, is, according to Mr. Hare, an exaggerated Surrey—not beautiful, but very pretty. The present King, Oscar II., is styled "the ideal Sovereign of the age—artist, poet, musician, student, equally at home in ancient and modern languages, profoundly versed in all his duties and nobly performing them." Norway was visited under a cloudless sunshine which hatched all the mosquitos; but even those pests are tolerable where there is so much to repay the traveller, where no one is in a hurry, and nature can be enjoyed leisurely. Trondtjem, which boasts the most northern railway-station and the most northern cathedral in Europe, is declared by Mr. Hare to be one of the most beautiful places in the world; indeed, he can scarcely find language to describe its loveliness. But verily Norway is the land of beauty, and people who care about good living will be glad to know that, unlike Holland, it is the land also of good and cheap food.

Good intentions always command respect, but they do not atone for bad verse; and it is, we think, a pity that the friends of the late William Sharp should have been led to publish *Euphonia; or, the Test of Love: A Poem* (Kegan Paul). Nothing can be more unexceptionable than the moral of this story in rhyme; and so good were the author's intentions that we regret to say that when the verse is not doggerel it is utterly commonplace. Mr. Sharp does not seem to have had the slightest ear for versification, and no beggar who earns his pence by feigning lameness can limp with more persistent assiduity than he does. Under no conditions of metre can

The recollection of the days when

form a line of verse; and if the following medical diagnosis be not doggerel, we know not where to find it—

There was cerebral pressure,
The symptoms served to prove it;
But local application
He trusted would remove it.
He could detect no fracture
In his examination,
But greatly dreaded the effects
Of nervous irritation.

There is a stanza describing a wife and her husband after three years' matrimony. The poet observes with what, doubtless, is meant for humour

That though we left them only two,
Somehow we find them three.

And adds that, although the lady is not quite the sylph she was once, yet

... place the gain against the loss,
And you will find the amount
Is more than balanced, when the child
Is carried to account.

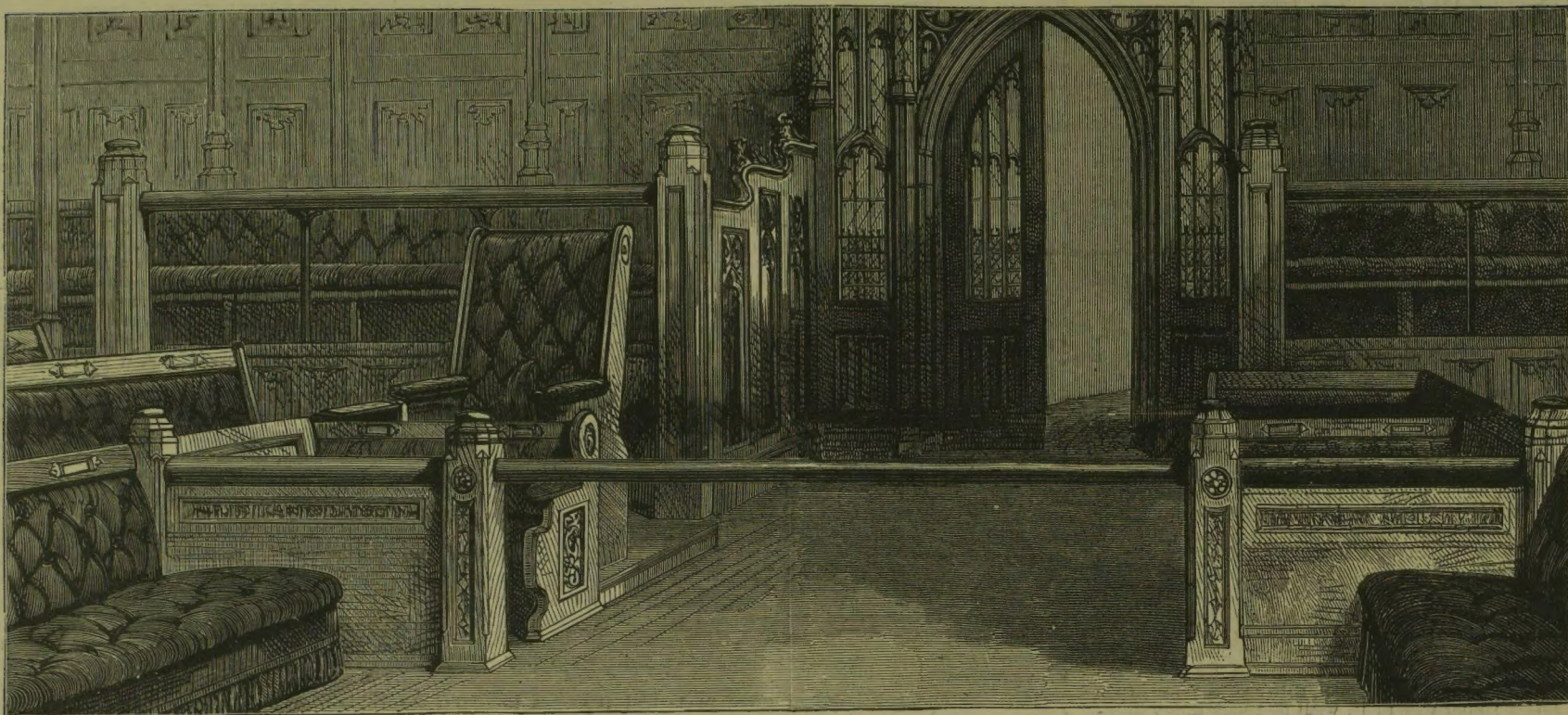
That a writer of this easy-going kind should blunder in metaphor will surprise nobody. In the succeeding lines the child is a little casket, containing a jewel pure and bright; but before the stanza closes it is a gentle bud and a frail flower, with a wondrous mystic tie, with a father's heart and a mother's soul within its fastenings. The father of this jewel, or bud, or frail flower had one fault, on which the writer dwells facetiously for some stanzas. He smoked a pipe.

It was the only vice he had—
Indeed 'tis hardly fair
To mention this last article,
But truth compels my pen
To state a fact which proves that he
Had faults like other men.

Truth also compels our pen to say that Mr. William Sharp's lines have faults which are wholly unlike the defects of other poets.

Although, happily for the world, few people are to be treated as insane, the analysis of insanity is of great interest to mankind in general. Dr. G. H. Savage, Physician and Superintendent of the Royal Hospital of Bethlem, tells us much that concerns us all in a most useful little book, *Insanity and Allied Neuroses*, just published by Messrs. Cassell and Co. This excellent treatise is mainly "practical and clinical," a guide for those of the medical profession, and its students, who may be occupied with the care of the insane, or may be consulted about it. But it contains much wisdom for everyone who has occasion to be anxious concerning the mental soundness of others, or who studies to preserve his own mind in perfect health. The author, who ranks among the most eminent investigators of this subject, and is Lecturer upon it at Guy's Hospital, has a decided view that the causes of insanity are not confined to changes in the brain alone, but often arise from nervous irritation in other organs of the body. This seems conformable with general experience, and it is corroborated by his minute description of the various forms of insanity, the conditions, periods, and modes of their manifestation. His scientific classification, for the purpose of this manual, includes hysteria, with mania; hypochondriasis, with melancholia; dementia (or loss of mental power), general or partial, primary and secondary; certain chronic disorders of the mind and hallucinations, delusions, or moral perversions; general paralysis (of the insane); paralytic and epileptic insanity; puerperal insanity of women; insanity caused by poisoning (including alcoholic); visceral insanity and several other types connected with peculiar organic diseases; besides different forms of idiocy. Even suppressed gout appears to be one of the exciting immediate causes. We are left to conclude that morbid states of the vital functions, where a predisposition to insanity exists, which may be hereditary, can bring it about through the disturbance of the nerve centres and of the brain; and that irregular or excessive emotions, of various kinds, are the immediate cause in very many cases. This general view of insanity seems to be accordant with commonsense; and it is important with reference to health, conduct, and the education of youth. The treatise, in some parts, is scarcely adapted for the perusal of every reader; but it suggests good advice upon matters of extreme moment to those who may apprehend danger to themselves, or to persons belonging to them, from any of the causes here indicated. The greater portion of the volume, however, is specially designed for instruction relative to the diagnosis and treatment

T H E D Y N A M I T E O U T R A G E S .



THE BAR OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS BEFORE THE EXPLOSION.

of insanity. It is calculated, we should suppose, as well to guide the judgment of medical men who are called upon to sign certificates of insanity, as to supply a text-book for medical students. The high authority of Dr. Savage will be a sufficient recommendation of the work to them; but even the unlearned reader must appreciate the methodical clearness and exactness with which he develops a rather complex subject, the scrupulous moderation of his statements, and the sound inductive reasoning which he applies to every doubtful point. Such a writer, being as little as possible of a dogmatist, is not likely to have much of his treatise corrected or superseded by those who may hereafter deal with the subject, whatever additional light may be thrown, in the progress of science, on questions yet remaining somewhat obscure. The detailed accounts of a number of particular cases, mostly under his own observation, all carefully ascertained, are necessarily painful to read; but it is comforting to see how far this beneficent and enlightened branch of the grand healing art has advanced in our days; how much can be done, under favourable circumstances, to effect a cure when proper treatment is applied at an early stage; and how greatly the malady is alleviated, in its distressing consequences, at the public asylums of England, nowhere more efficiently than at Bethlem Hospital. It is to be noticed that, as idiocy, epilepsy, and chronic mental disorders are not treated in that institution, the chapter of this book on idiocy is contributed by Dr. Fletcher Beach. A serviceable chapter on the legal regulations concerning the insane is furnished by Mr. W. Haigh, with the prescribed forms of orders or requests for admission of private patients, medical certificates, and affidavits, and a list of the public hospitals and licensed private houses, London and provincial, in which such patients are received. Dr. Savage, in a thoughtful and earnest spirit, discusses the question of responsibility for criminal acts under the conditions of insanity. The volume is furnished with about twenty illustrations, mostly from photographs of persons affected with different kinds of insanity, in whose faces their sad life-history is too plainly told. Some original letters from patients, describing their peculiar hallucinations, are extremely curious and probably instructive to the student of psychology.

There is probably no man living who is better acquainted with the Highlands of Scotland than the famous Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh. His feelings about the depopulation of the country are strong; but strong also is his honesty, and no one who reads *The Scottish Highlanders and the Land Laws; an Historico-Economical Inquiry* (Chapman and Hall), will doubt that while Professor Blackie writes warmly he endeavours also to write impartially. A more opportune volume could not be published. How thoroughly the writer has mastered his subject will be evident to readers who give the book the attention it deserves. Some may even think that his treatment is too exhaustive, and that his investigation is carried too far back.

We do not think so. It is intolerable that subjects should be docketed as ancient history because they have not happened within the last decade; and, with regard to the treatment of the Highlanders since the exchange of the old clan system for a government of lords and landlords, nothing is more certain than that, without a historical knowledge of the past, we cannot understand the present. If the reader, as is

quite possible, objects to some of the author's opinions when he denounces what Dr. Norman Macleod has called the "rash and reckless depopulation of the country" and the "gross misconduct and inhuman policy" of some landlords, while giving warm praise to others, let him at least study the facts which, with elaborate care, Professor Blackie has collected. The strength of a land, he says truly, lies in men, not in

money; and while by no means unfavourable to what may be called natural emigration, he deplores the compulsory expatriation, for the sake of deer forests, of men whose love of country is their strongest passion. The greatest of Scotchmen, and a Tory to boot, denounced more than sixty years ago the "selfish and hard-hearted policy of the Highland landlords." No one who reads the account of the Strathnaver Clearance in the early years of the century, and of the Knoydart Clearance in 1853, will think Sir Walter Scott's expression too strong to be applied in both cases. Inhumanity could indeed scarcely have gone further without the actual destruction of its victims. It must not be supposed that the whole history of the Highlands through the present century is a dark one. Such a notion would be neither consonant with truth, nor with Professor Blackie's statements. It is, however, perhaps inevitable in certain cases that the evil which men do should make a stronger impression than the good. The chapter entitled "The Crofters' Commission" deserves especial attention at this time; but, indeed, every chapter bristles with suggestive facts and comments. We cannot praise the form in which the volume appears. It has neither index nor table of contents.

It is scarcely necessary to say to those familiar with the author's earlier researches that readers interested in theories respecting the origin of society will find much food for discussion in *The Patriarchal Theory, Based on the Papers of the late John Ferguson McLennan, Edited and Completed by Donald McLennan, M.A. (Macmillan and Co.)*. "From the time of Plato, downwards," writes the editor, alluding to his brother's argument, "theories of human society have been current in which the family living under the headship of a father is accepted as the ultimate social unit. These theories have taken various shapes, but in his opinion the most important as well as the most influential shape to be taken account of is that represented in the works of Sir Henry Maine." "Ancient Law," no doubt, is now a standard work, and one which all students of Jurisprudence are bound to study. Its conclusions are fundamentally at variance with those arrived at by the late John McLennan and by his brother; and in this volume the attempt is made to refute the Patriarchal Theory. It will be seen that the work is not one likely to attract the general reader. The arguments, advanced with great learning in these pages, demand the "fit audience" philosophers as well as poets love; and such an audience they will probably secure.



THE BAR OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS AFTER THE EXPLOSION.

We are authorised to state that the State Apartments of Windsor Castle are closed until further orders.